No. 306 (New Series), Vol. 6. January 29, 1938

66 . M

The PASSING SHOW

2D

Molly O'Rourke
solves a
FOOTBALL POOL PROBLEM
by Frank KING

Picture of a young lady- after school

HERE'S something most unusual—new—intriguing—a screenland revelation that you simply must not miss—a privileged peep inside filmland's "private school" where stars do just as they're told! In this week's superb issue of "FILM WEEKLY"—NOW ON SALE—Alva Johnston, famous author of that popular book "THE GOLDWYN TOUCH," tells you the wonderful "inside" story of Hollywood's School for Stars.

Eleanor Powell—Robert Taylor, James Stewart—they were all "pupils" at this remarkable "school" and here you'll learn how they "behaved" or "misbehaved." Here's something different from anything you've ever read before—a grand exclusive insight into Hollywood's most intriguing secrets. And this is but one of the thrilling "highlights" of "FILM WEEKLY"—NOW ON SALE. This magnificent issue will tell you just what films to see and those to avoid—its frank, fearless, independent criticisms of this week's releases form a real money-saving investment that every filmgoer should read. And pages and pages of exclusive pictures in photogravure, magnificent star photographs, red-hot news of the whole film world, witty, intriguing gossip, intimate interviews—it's a store of brightly written entertainment. Make sure of your copy without delay—GET IT NOW. 3d. everywhere.

Here's Eleanor Powell "stepping out" in "Born to Dance."

This great article by Alva Johnston
"SCHOOL FOR STARS"
is one of the brilliant features in

FILM WEEKLY

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO FILMS

NOW ON SALE

3D.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

The use of **KOLYNOS** ensures a perfectly healthy mouth, firm gums and clean, attractive teeth. Cultivate the twice-a-day **KOLYNOS** habit and protect your teeth against harmful germs which cause decay. And **KOLYNOS** is so economical in use, only half an inch, on a *dry* brush, will soon give the desired results. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- & 6d.
Of all Chemists and Stores

—HE SAYS
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
REGD.

THE POET SINGS OF A WOMAN'S HANDS

"Oh! he said I had the neatest hands,
The sweetest in the world my hands,
He said that Love had curled my hands,
To cling about his heart."

Strangely beautiful lines these, by Frank Sidgwick.

In exquisite word-painting the poet expresses the glamorous appeal of beautiful hands. How few realise that even a plain woman can be interesting if she has smooth, white, carefully tended hands. One's hands are always in the limelight, arresting attention by their graceful movements, whether at work or play, knitting, typewriting, playing bridge, pouring out tea, arranging flowers.

At your next party notice how many of your friends are self-consciously trying to hide their hands and how few are obviously proud of them.

The fascinating beauty of smooth white hands is easily acquired.

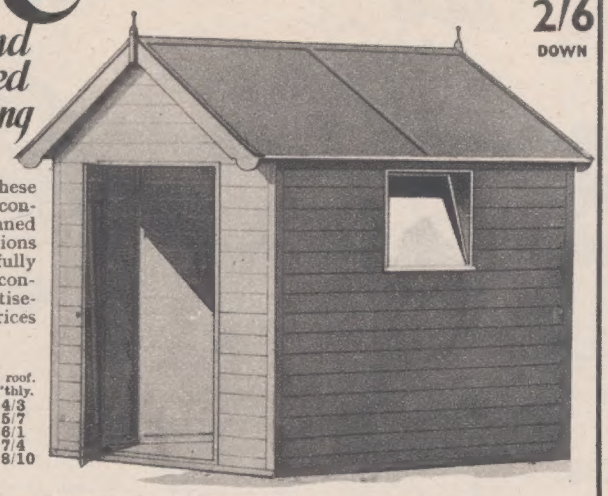
The secret is Dubarry's Crème Shalimar; just a little massaged into the hands at bedtime. Next morning you will be utterly amazed at the improvement. Use Crème Shalimar every night all the year round, but especially when winter comes.

Dubarry's Crème Shalimar is sold in tubes at 6d. and 1s. 3d. at Chemists and Stores.

THORNS GARDEN SHEDS

and every kind of easily erected Portable Building

2/6 DOWN



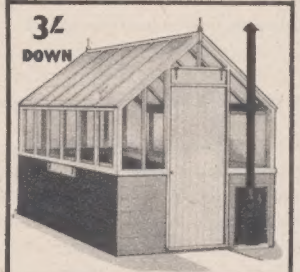
You must have one of these splendid buildings, constructed with sound, planed timber, complete in sections for easy erection. All are fully guaranteed, so order confidently from this advertisement, at the low cash prices or on easy terms.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS
Moulded weatherboard walls, felted roof.

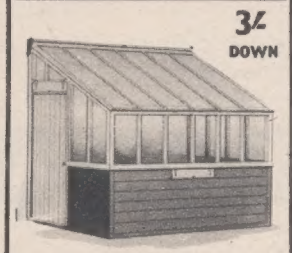
Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	M'thly.
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	47/6 3/6	4/3
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/6 3/9	5/7
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	67/- 4/-	6/1
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	81/- 4/6	7/4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	97/- 4/9	8/10

FOR THE GARDEN-LOVER

3/- DOWN



3/- DOWN



ALL GLASS CUT TO SIZE and shape, Plant Staging, Painting, Putty, etc., included.

SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	60/6 3/-	5/6
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	68/- 3/6	6/2
8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	87/- 4/-	7/11
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	92/- 4/6	8/4
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	140/6 5/-	12/10

COMPLETE HEATERS from £3 16 6

LEAN-TO GREENHOUSES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
6½ft.	3 ft.	6½ft.	59/- 3/-	5/4
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	67/- 3/-	6/1
8½ft.	6½ft.	7½ft.	92/6 4/-	8/5
10 ft.	6½ft.	7½ft.	98/6 4/6	8/11

All Buildings Delivered Free or Carriage Paid England & Wales.

Lowest Deposits

"Strongess" Steel-Braced corners

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Free CATALOGUES

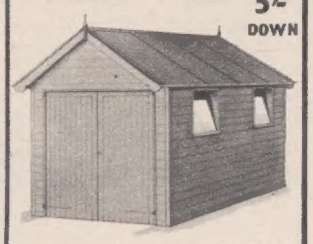
GARDEN SHEDS.....9.S.
GARAGES.....9.G.
GREENHOUSES.....9.H.
HEATERS.....9.B.
AVIARIES.....9.Z.
POULTRY HOUSES.....9.P.
ARMY HUTS, ETC....9.M.

Write Now

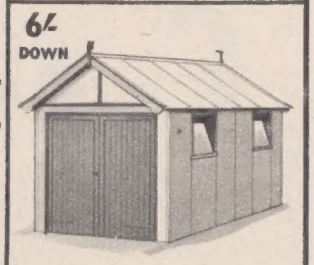
All Buildings Complete in Sections

FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER

5/- DOWN



6/- DOWN



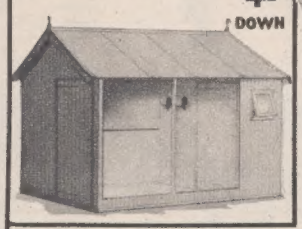
MOULDED WEATHERBOARD GARAGES with felted roof, strong, framed doors.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	92/- 5/-	8/4
10ft.	7ft.	8 ft.	122/6 5/-	11/2
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	157/6 6/-	14/4
14ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	173/6 7/-	15/10
16ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	190/- 8/-	17/4

FIREPROOF GARAGES with walls and roof of asbestos, strong, boarded doors.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	101/- 6/-	9/2
10ft.	7ft.	8 ft.	134/- 7/-	12/3
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	168/- 8/-	15/4
14ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	184/6 9/-	16/10
16ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	205/-10/-	18/9

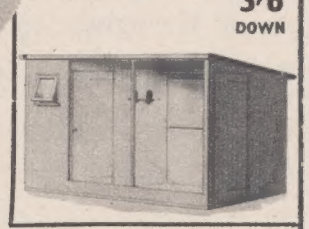
Best for... 4/- DOWN



SPAN ROOF AVIARIES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy.
6ft.	3ft.	6 ft.	72/- 4/-	6/6
7ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	94/- 6/-	8/7
6ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	100/- 7/3	9/1
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	107/6 7/9	9/9
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	127/- 8/9	11/7

..Your Birds 3/6 DOWN



LEAN-TO AVIARIES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy.
6ft.	3ft.	5ft.	58/6 3/6	5/4
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	87/- 6/-	7/11
6ft.	5ft.	6ft.	89/6 6/-	8/2
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	97/6 7/3	8/10
8ft.	6ft.	6ft.	116/6 8/3	10/7

POULTRY HOUSES from £1.8.6

ARMY HUTS, PAVILIONS, MISSION HALLS

NEW ARMY HUT BUILDINGS from £10/15/6 or 13/9 down

OIL HEATERS from 44/- or 3/9 down.

Full range of Heaters in Free Catalogue 9.B.

THORNS
Portable Buildings
EST. 1896.

Telephone: BEXLEYHEATH 305

J. THORN & SONS LTD., Box 9, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

What About Your Future?

In considering your future, perhaps you feel that you *lack* something, *need* something—something vital to your progress.

That something is TRAINING.

Experience teaches the cold truth that *it is only trained men who step up to responsible and well-paid positions.* That is so to-day and will be so to-morrow.

Come what may, *the good jobs go to those who are big enough to fill them,* and the size of a man is determined mainly by his training.

If you consider to-morrow in the light of to-day and decide that you need a training, you have a wide choice of schools—good, bad and indifferent. It is of EXTREME IMPORTANCE that you should select a good one. Our advice is: "*Investigate before you invest.*" That will lead you to the I.C.S., whose first services are advisory and free.

The I.C.S. made tuition by post the great educational power it has become. No other correspondence school has such world-wide fame or has won such outstanding success. None can give such effective training in a wide variety of subjects and for many Examinations.

I.C.S. Service is based on expert knowledge and nearly half a century of experience. It consists of SOUND, PRACTICAL, AND COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTION WHICH EQUIPS THE STUDENT TO MOVE FORWARD IN HIS CHOSEN CAREER.

If you want THE BEST training, we can give it you.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOKLET
and advice on any one or more of the following subjects:

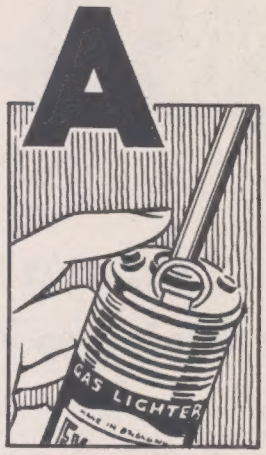
ACCOUNTANCY	INSURANCE
ADVERTISING	JOURNALISM
AERONAUTICAL ENG.	MARINE ENG.
AGRICULTURE	MECHANICAL ENG.
AIR CONDITIONING	MINING
ARCHITECTURE	MOTOR ENG.
BOOK-KEEPING	PLUMBING
BUILDING	RADIO
CHEMICAL ENG.	SALESMANSHIP
COMMERCIAL ART	SANITARY ENG.
COMMERCIAL TRAINING	SCIENTIF. M'G'MENT
CIVIL ENGINEERING	SECRETARIAL WORK
DIESEL ENGINEERING	SHORT STORY W'T'G
DISPLAY	SURVEYING
DRAUGHTSMANSHIP	TELEVISION
ELECTRICAL ENG.	TEXTILE MANUF'G
FRENCH AND SPANISH	WINDOW DRESSING
GENERAL EDUCATION	WOODWORKING
HORTICULTURE	WORKS M'G'MENT

EXAMINATIONS:
Technical, Professional, Civil Service, Matriculation.
(State The Exam. You Wish To Pass)

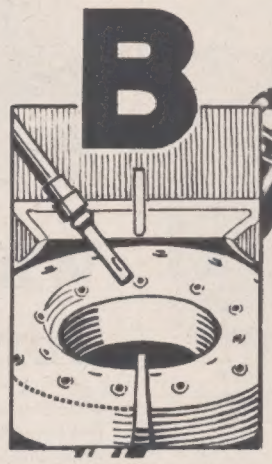
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS LTD.
Dept. 168B, International Buildings
Kingsway, London, W.C.2

I.C.S. The greatest, largest and most successful institution in the world devoted to spare-time training. Branches in 30 countries, students in 50.

It's as easy as A B C



A. Turn on the gas and depress switch of Ever Ready Gaslighter.



B. Direct glowing end of Gaslighter to gas jet.

C. Your gas is lit immediately without mess, fuss or bother. A child could do it.

and it saves you £-s-d

Apart from being so easy to operate, an Ever Ready Gaslighter saves good, hard cash. In fact, by the time you have used two batteries you will be about 13/6 better off than if you had continued to use matches. Remember, too, the Ever Ready Gaslighter has a neat ring-hanger, which ensures its always being in place . . . never in the way and yet never out of it. Also it is all chromium plated and therefore will not tarnish. Switch over now to an Ever Ready Gaslighter and save!

See how you SAVE

Lighter with battery - -	5/-
Refill battery - - - - -	1/6
Total Cost - - - - - -	6/6
Equivalent to 14,000 matches costing about - - - - -	20/-
Nett Saving - - - - -	13/6

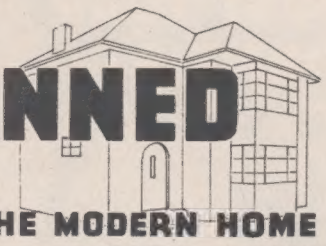
EVER READY

5/- GAS LIGHTER

INCLUDING ½d TAX PAID

The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd., Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7, manufacturers of Torches and Dry Cells, Cycle Lamps, H.T. Batteries, Radio Receivers, etc.

Cannily PLANNED



"CLASSIC" MODEL 'ELASTIC' BOOKCASE

FOR THE MODERN HOME

THIS compact Globe-Wernicke 'Elastic' model is designed for people who wish to keep within hand-reach a select number of favourite authors.

The shelf capacity of this model is fifty or sixty books, with useful bottom drawer for periodicals, the whole being constructed upon the unit principle allowing additions to be made as extra book space is needed.

This "Classic" model is fitted with protecting glass doors to each shelf. These lift and slide noiselessly and easily back into the bookcase. A patent device known as the "Equaliser" permits the glass doors to be opened or closed without jamming.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 20E giving particulars of the complete range of "Classic" model 'Elastic' bookcase units.

SET NO. 51. Price in Oak, £6.19.0; in Mahogany, £9.4.6; in Walnut, £9.6.0. Single units from 25/6. Deferred terms from 10/- monthly. The drawer unit is optional.

"Always complete, but never finished."

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.

SHOWROOMS—LONDON: 44 HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1 82 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.
MANCHESTER: 13 VICTORIA STREET

The "MIGHTY ATOM"

All meat dishes, enriched with Oxo, are as tasty and nutritious as the rich goodness of beef can make them.

Oxo encourages appetite and sound digestion, and makes other foods more nutritious by ready assimilation.

Adds Strength!
Adds Flavour!

OXO

3/38

The GOODNESS OF BEEF

The PASSING SHOW
No. 306. Vol. 6 JANUARY 29, 1938

BAGGING THE BIG "POOL" PRIZE

Molly O'Rourke, popular hospital almoner, is tricked while playing good samaritan to a winner of £10,000 "pool" prize, but nobody can fool Molly for very long

BY FRANK KING

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GREENUP, R.I.

"That telephone message was a fake," said Molly. "Evidently," said Pomeroy, and picked up the receiver

OVER the door of Ward 12c in the Royal Edward Hospital might well have been written those fateful words: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Known colloquially as "male chronics," it was inhabited by thirty old men who, so far as human judgment could tell, would not leave it until the day when Hassall, the chief orderly, wheeled them down to the mortuary.

The occupants of 12C knew this as well as anyone else, but refused to allow the fact to weigh heavily upon them. It was a lively, noisy ward. On that particular Monday morning, when Molly O'Rourke, the hospital's youthful almoner, visited it, she found the whole place in a turmoil.

"Whatever is the matter, Hassall?" she asked, standing in the doorway, watching the excited faces, listening to the shouts and laughter.

Jim Hassall grinned. He was quite a young man, a recent addition to the staff of the Royal Edward, who had already proved himself very efficient in his work.

"Granpa Dewhirst got fifteen right on Saturday," he replied.

"Fifteen right?" echoed Molly, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Football matches. He filled up a coupon in Wallace's Pools. Got a telegram this morning, telling him he's won ten thousand pounds."

"My gracious! I must go and congratulate him."

The uproar died down a little as Molly walked into the ward. The red-haired little almoner was as popular here as elsewhere and pain-racked faces smoothed into smiles as she passed along, with a cheerful word to the occupant of every bed.

She came to Granpa Dewhirst's and stood at the foot, surveying him with wide-open blue eyes.

"And what are you going to do with all that money?" asked Molly.

The smile faded and the dim old eyes became grave.

"I've not long to live, Miss Molly. I'm going to do something I've wanted all my life. First, the boys here are going to have a beano. Then I'm going to give a present to the hospital for all that's been done for me. And after that I shall engage a nurse and take a cruise round the world."

"A good idea, Granpa. What about me applying for the job?"

"Nay, lass. You'll need a bit different kind of company when you go round the world."

Rather wonderful, thought Molly, as she made her way back through the long corridors to her own office. She knew something of Granpa Dewhirst's history. He'd had a hard life. And now, when the sun was about to set, came this opportunity. He was quite fit to travel under expert supervision. But it needed a certain amount of pluck to consider such a trip at his age.

"Good for the old boy!" she murmured, settling down to her work. "He'll get value out of that money. Let's hope he lives long enough to spend every penny of it."

Some time during the afternoon, the hall porter rang through to enquire if she would see a Mr. Longbottom. Mr. Longbottom proved to be a large, placid individual who looked like a retired police inspector; as, indeed, he was.

"I represent Wallace's Football Pools, miss," he said. "I've brought a cheque for an inmate of this hospital, by name Ephraim Dewhirst. It's my business to make sure of his *bona fides* before I hand it over. I suppose you can vouch for his identity?"

"I think so," said Molly. "He's been in the hospital nearly two years now."

"That'll do for me, then. Where shall I find him, please?"

"I'll take you to the ward, if you like."

"Thank you very much."

Mr. Longbottom plodded along the corridors. He appeared to regard his mission as quite a matter of course. But Molly was quite excited about it.

"Do you spend your life acting as fairy godmother in this way?" she asked.

"It's my business, miss, if that's what you mean."

"It must make you very happy."

"Sometimes yes and sometimes no. I don't know that I altogether hold with easy money. Sometimes it does more harm than good."

"It's going to do a lot of good in this case," said Molly. "It's going to brighten the end of an old man's life."

She was looking forward to seeing the delight on Granpa Dewhirst's face again. Much to her surprise, however, he seemed disappointed. He gazed in silence at the slip of paper Mr. Longbottom handed to him, and she felt sure his bottom lip quivered a little.

"What's the matter, Granpa?" she asked. "Is there something wrong?"

"I reckon I'm a fool, Miss Molly." He dug beneath his pillow again. "You see, the telegram says 'cash follows.' And it's only a bit of paper."

"Same thing," said Mr. Longbottom, equably.

(*please turn over*)

"You put this in your bank and they credit you with the amount."

"But I haven't got a bank. And I don't want credit. I thought you'd have brought it in pound notes and such like."

"I should have looked nice with ten thousand of those, shouldn't I?"

"Well, you could have brought fivers, couldn't you? That's what I had in mind. You see, mister, I want to get up out of bed, hobble round, and give one to each of me pals. They could all do with one."

"You can draw the cash out of the bank."

"But it isn't the same." The old man's voice was almost a wail. "They're all lying there watching, and I've nothing in me hands but a bit of paper. Couldn't you come again, mister, and bring me five pound notes?"

Molly touched Mr. Longbottom on the shoulder.

"It's a shame to disappoint him," she whispered. "It could be arranged, couldn't it?"

"I suppose so, miss. But it'd take a day or two. And I can't hang around——"

"You could arrange for me to collect the money, perhaps?" Molly turned back to the bed. "Would it be all right, Granpa, if I brought the cash to you?"

There was no mistaking the delight that showed on the wrinkled old face.

"Better ner ever, Miss Molly!" cried Granpa, emphatically. "That'd be doing things in proper style."

"You'll have to wait a day or two, you know."

"Doesn't matter a bit, if you'll bring me fivers and watch me hand some of 'em out."

"Very well, then. We'll see about it."

Prompt at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, Molly called at the bank where arrangements had been made for her to draw out ten thousand pounds in five-pound notes on behalf of Granpa Dewhirst.

"Here you are, Miss O'Rourke," said the clerk, after glancing at the form of authorisation she tendered. He held up a thick bundle of notes.

She put the parcel into the attaché case she had brought with her, then took a taxi back to the Royal Edward Hospital.

Unlocking the door of her office, she put the attaché case on her desk and removed her hat and coat. She was just picking up the case again when the telephone rang.

"Scotland Yard," said a voice at the other end of the wire. "Is Detective Inspector Pomeroy there, please?"

"He isn't," said Molly.

"That's Miss O'Rourke speaking, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"He's somewhere about, Miss O'Rourke. He's been following you from the bank to see that no harm came to you."

Molly gasped. "Good heavens! How did he know——"

A chuckle sounded over the wire.

"It's our business to know things, miss. You'll probably find that the inspector is somewhere near the porter's lodge. If so, would you mind telling him that the Assistant Commissioner wants to speak to him, urgently?"

"Hold the line a minute," said Molly. "I'll see if he's there."

Just like Pom-Pom, she thought, as she hurried out of the office, pulling the door to behind her. He was always thinking about her. But how on earth had he heard of her visit to the bank?

There was a becoming flush on her face as she entered the porter's lodge.

"Seen anything of Inspector Pomeroy?" she asked, glancing out through the window.

The porter smiled. Like everyone else in the hospital he knew how things were between Molly and the Scotland Yard man.

"He hasn't been around this morning, miss," he replied.

"I don't see any sign of him outside. Still, he will be coming. Will you ask him to ring up the Yard at once? The Assistant Commissioner wants to speak to him."

"Very well, miss."

Molly hurried back along the corridor, unlocked the door of her office and picked up the receiver which she had left off its hook.

"Hello," she said. "I'm sorry. Inspector Pomeroy hasn't arrived yet. I've left word for him to ring up as soon as he comes."

"Thank you very much, Miss O'Rourke. Sorry to have troubled you."

When Molly reached the ward, she found the hubbub was even worse than it had been on Monday morning. Bodmin, the second orderly, vainly trying to preserve some kind of order, caught sight of her through the glass doors and hurried to open them.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss O'Rourke," he grinned. "They're like a lot of kids at a beanfeast. I can't do anything with 'em. But they'll be all right now."

A sudden hush fell on the ward when Molly entered it. Every eye was fixed on the attaché case as she walked towards Granpa Dewhirst's bed. The old man reached out trembling hands towards her.

"You've brought it, miss?" he asked in a tense whisper. "Really and truly?"

"Yes, it's here." Molly sat down on the edge of the bed. "All yours."

She drew the attaché case on to her knees. A rustle of expectancy went round the ward as she pressed the spring fasteners. She lifted the lid—and sat staring into the case with dilated eyes.

It contained a parcel, true. But this was not the neat tidy parcel which had been handed over to her by the bank clerk. It was a ragged affair of newspaper and string. She shivered.

Granpa Dewhirst was watching her eagerly.

"All in fivers, is it, Miss Molly?"

How could she tell him that the money had been stolen? Molly suddenly closed the case with a snap.

"I—I'm sorry," she faltered. "I've brought the wrong parcel."

Her face was pale, her lips compressed, as she hurried from the ward and along the corridors to the porter's lodge.

"Has Inspector Pomeroy come yet?" she asked.

"No, Miss O'Rourke." The porter looked at her curiously. "Is there anything wrong?"

"No. I mean yes. When he does come send him straight to my office, will you?"

"Certainly."

Unlocking the door of her room, Molly leaned against the door for a moment. Her heart was beating so that it almost stifled her. Putting the attaché case on her desk, she threw back the lid again, staring at the parcel it contained. She unfastened the string. Old newspaper. Nothing else.

It was impossible. The case had never been out of her care since she left the bank. Yet somehow a substitution had been effected. Oh, if only Pom-Pom were here!

She picked up the telephone and dialled Whitehall 1212.

"Heard anything from Inspector Pomeroy yet?" she asked, as soon as the connection was made.

"Who's that speaking?"

"Molly O'Rourke, Royal Edward Hospital. He hasn't come here yet."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Miss O'Rourke."

"You rang up about a quarter of an hour ago, asking for him."

"There's been some mistake, I think, miss. I'll put you through to Inspector Pomeroy."

Molly's hand trembled as she gripped the receiver. In a moment the well-known voice sounded over the wire.

"Pom-Pom!" she cried at once. "Haven't you been following me this morning?"

"No such luck. I haven't been out of the office yet."

"Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Can you come, Pom-Pom? Something—dreadful has happened."

"Be round in two ticks."

It seemed to Molly that an age elapsed before the familiar knock came on her door. Frank Pomeroy's pleasant features grew anxious as he saw her white face.

"What is it, Molly?" he asked. "What's gone wrong?"

"I've lost the money."

"What money?"

"Oh, what a fool I've been!" Molly quickly described what had happened. "That telephone message was a fake."

"Evidently." Pomeroy picked up the receiver and snapped a few curt orders into it. "Now let's go over it all again. Tell me exactly what you did after leaving the bank."

She obeyed. His face grew graver as he listened.

"A fairly hopeless sort of business, I'm afraid," he muttered.

"But how was it done, Pom-Pom? I wasn't away more than two minutes. And the door was locked. No one could have got in, in that time."

She lifted the lid—and sat staring into the case with dilated eyes. It contained a parcel, true. But this was not the neat tidy parcel which had been handed over to her by the bank clerk

"The thief was probably here when you arrived." Pomeroy glanced round. "That cupboard, perhaps. Yes, he must have been hiding here, of course, in case the telephone message didn't work. A confederate was outside, watching the hospital for your return. They knew that you'd be sure to come to your room to take off your hat and coat before carrying the money through to the ward. As soon as he saw you enter the hospital, this man outside slipped into a telephone box and phoned through a message designed to get you out of the room for a few moments."

"I oughtn't to have gone out. I oughtn't to have let that case out of my sight for a second."

"It would have been worse for you if you hadn't, Molly. If that part of the plan had failed, the man would have come out of his cupboard and attacked you, probably while you were bending over the telephone. You'd have been knocked out by a blow on the head and would have known nothing further. As it was, he took the money, substituted the parcel he'd prepared, turned the latch and just walked out. Easy as shelling peas."

"You must find him, Pom-Pom. Surely you can make enquiries and——"

"Oh, yes, we can do that. But I'm afraid it won't lead to anything. Put yourself in this man's place. He knows that the substitution is bound to be discovered very quickly—you might even look into the attaché case as soon as you return from the porter's lodge. Obviously, he's not going to hang

on to that parcel and run the risk of it being found in his possession. It was all carefully planned, remember. He'd get rid of his loot at once. He might even drop it through this window to a confederate below. Or perhaps there'd be someone waiting for him in the corridor outside. However it was done, you can be quite certain that those five-pound notes changed hands again almost immediately. We may get as far as suspecting who actually stole them. But as for recovering them——"

Without waiting for a reply, he commenced a careful search of the office. Molly dropped into her chair and sat watching him. He paid special attention to the cupboard in which the thief must have hidden. It was obvious from his attitude that the result was completely negative.

He unfolded the wad of newspaper which had been left in the attaché case, and examined the sheets.

"Nothing here," he muttered. "Just newspapers. Hello! There's a bit cut out here."

It was a copy of yesterday's *Daily Comet*. A small paragraph had been neatly cut from the news items.

"I don't suppose it's anything," Pomeroy went on. "But we might as well make sure. Any chance of another copy of the *Comet* knocking around?"

"Yes. All papers are saved and then sold. I'll ask the porter."

Molly phoned through to the lodge, and in a few moments a boy brought the required paper along. She quickly found the paragraph that had been cut out of the other copy.

STONE MAN DIES IN HOSPITAL

The death occurred yesterday at the Royal Edward Hospital of Mr. Frederick Cooper, known as The Stone Man. Mr. Cooper suffered from a rare disease, characterised by deposits of lime in the tissues. He had been bedridden for years, unable to move about in case his limbs, which were slowly calcifying, might break. Doctors from all over the world have visited this rare case, but no cure for the condition could be found.

"Poor old Cooper!" she said. "He was in Ward 12C. I'm afraid that doesn't help us at all."

"No. Except that it narrows things down a bit. Evidently that paragraph was cut out by someone who knew Cooper. It looks as though our criminal is connected in some way with Ward 12C."

The porter rang through to announce that the Scotland Yard men had arrived.

"We'll make a start there, at any rate," continued Pomeroy. "Will you show us the way?"

After taking the detectives along to the ward, Molly returned to her office and sat down at her desk again. She knew there was nothing she could do, but she found it impossible to settle to her work. She couldn't get out of her mind the memory of Granpa Dewhirst's eager, excited face. As likely as not, the shock would kill the old man. Even if it didn't, the close of his life would be soured by this rotten bad luck.

Those thirty old men in the ward. How terribly disappointed they would be when they learned the truth. They'd been so excited about it all. Molly's blue eyes grew misty as they rested on the sheet of newspaper from which the paragraph had been cut. Poor Frederick Cooper had, at any rate, missed this disappointment. He would be——

Frederick Cooper! She suddenly started to her feet. Surely that wasn't possible? And yet she remembered something that had happened this morning, something to which she had paid no attention at the time, but which seemed very significant now.

It couldn't be. It was absurd, fantastic. Yet even as Molly told herself this, she knew that she must make sure about it. Picking up the attaché case, she hurried from her office.

Detective Inspector Pomeroy, questioning the orderlies in Ward 12C, was surprised to see Molly run in; still more surprised to note the flush of excitement on her face, the happy smile with which she approached Granpa Dewhirst's bed.

"Here you are, Granpa," she said. "I've got the right one this time."

She opened the case and Pomeroy's amazement increased as he saw that the neat parcel she was unfastening contained nothing but banknotes.

"Are you going to count them, Granpa?" she asked.

"Nay, lass, there's plenty of time for that. I'm going to do what I said."

The old man got out of bed and drew a faded dressing-gown round him. His wrinkled features transfigured with delight, he hobbled round the ward, presenting one of the crisp clean notes to each occupant of the beds.

Molly's face glowed as she watched. Pomeroy touched her arm.

"What on earth has been happening, Molly?" he asked. "How did you——"

"Wonderful luck, Pom-Pom! I can hardly believe even now that it's true."

"Where did you find them?"

"It was all through that cutting. I was thinking about poor Frederick Cooper, and suddenly I remembered something which seemed to link up with him. You know, you'd just said it looked as though someone in Ward 12C were mixed up in the theft. Well, I remembered that just after the money was stolen I'd seen someone from Ward 12C coming from a place where he'd really no business to be."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I daren't wait. Someone might call to collect the coffin any time."

"The coffin? Lord! You don't mean——"

"Yes. I knew that Frederick Cooper's coffin would be in the mortuary, and that the undertaker would be coming for it to-day. He died on Tuesday, you know. It would be very easy for someone else to collect it, wouldn't it? And a coffin's a good hiding place; no one would be likely to suspect it. Besides, it occurred to me that that paragraph had been cut out of the paper and handed over to the confederate so that he couldn't make any mistake about which coffin he took away. So I went to see." Molly shivered a little. "It wasn't screwed down properly and I'd no difficulty in opening it. The parcel was there all right. If you put a couple of men at that door, Pom-Pom, you'll catch the confederate when he comes."

"I'll do that, of course. But what about the actual thief?"

"You've got him already." Molly pointed to Jim Hassall. "I saw him coming from the mortuary just before I discovered that the money had been stolen."

Hassall opened his mouth to speak, then thought better of it. Pomeroy took him by the arm and led him from the ward. Molly, blue eyes dancing, sat down on Granpa Dewhirst's bed and watched the excited old men.

It was some time before Pomeroy returned.

"Got the other chap, Molly," he announced. "Drove up in a stolen motor hearse. By Jove, you've done a spot of good work to-day! If that money had once left the hospital, we should never have set eyes on it again."

"I'm so happy, Pom-Pom!" Molly raised her voice. "Now, Granpa! Time you were back in bed. Winning a football pool doesn't make you a centre-forward, you know."

On solemn occasions marked by mass demonstrations you will . . . go to the point of meeting before traffic movement is curtailed and spend most of the day marching and standing about waiting to march. There is no compulsion for you to attend, but there is a lot of fun to be had out of it and you much enjoy a nearby glimpse of the leaders of party and government

PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN

Here are the facts about the average Russian's life from a man who, having worked in a Moscow film studio for five years, knows the whole story, but does not suffer from political astigmatism

BY LARS MOËN

"WHAT is it really like in Russia?" I have been asked this question more than any other since returning from the land of the Soviets and I can see no better way of answering that question than to describe briefly what your life would be if you were an average, everyday Russian living under the Soviet regime. *If* it sounds less exotic, less terrible or less ideal than you imagine (depending upon what daily newspaper you read,) don't blame me! As the French say, "I merely establish the facts."

Assuming, then, that you have arrived at school age, you will be obliged to complete at least a seven-year course, which is being currently extended to nine years. Some years ago, you would have been subjected to all sorts of educational experiments and fads, and handicapped by frequent changes of textbooks. That period has definitely passed, however, and for the last two years so-called "stabilised" textbooks have been uniform for all schools.

You will have to work a great deal harder in school than a British or American child, the curriculum being fully as intensive as the French, though with more emphasis on sports.

If you want to go on to higher academic levels or take specialised training after you have finished the basic curriculum, you will have to pass a stiff entrance examination; for if elementary schooling is universal and compulsory, higher education is reserved for those likely to profit from it. Once admitted, you will be paid, while going to school, a stipend on which you will be able, with a certain amount of care and ingenuity, to live modestly during your academic years.

On leaving school, you will look for a job, although if you have received specialised training there is probably one ready and waiting for you. Otherwise, your friends will know of half a dozen jobs to be had for the asking, or you may apply directly to an organisation for which you would like to work. Failing all this, you may apply to any of the numerous information kiosks scattered about the town, which will furnish you with a list of addresses each day until you find a suitable situation.

During your later academic years or early working life, the chances are overwhelming that you will fall in love and marry without much delay. You will see no particular reason for waiting—unless neither of you can obtain a room—since you have no worry over possible unemployment, you can buy furniture on the hire purchase plan and if there are children (which you probably assume and hope there will be) their arrival will represent no insupportable burden.

So, after a trip to the register office, you set up housekeeping, not too comfortably, in a single room. Your cooking will have to be done in a kitchen used by several families; if you are lucky you may have gas, failing which you will have to use a Primus or an oil-stove, which rather precludes baking.

You will certainly have electricity, and quite probably central heating, though the chances of your having a private telephone are only fair.

You grumble a bit about living quarters, but hope presently to have something better, either through joining a building co-operative, or in a block of flats erected by the trust for which you work. Your dream is to have at least two rooms, with a kitchenette and, if possible, a bathroom. You would like it to be self-contained, with your own private entrance from the main corridor.

Meanwhile, you are very likely to have an elderly relative living with you, who will help look after

If a man and a woman love each other, registration of their marriage (see picture second from left) is a statistical rather than a moral obligation. The picture, second from right, shows workers at their mid-day meal in a factory restaurant. The presence of the tablecloth indicates the returning prosperity in Russia

the children and the cooking, for family life and family ties are very strong in Russia.

If you choose, you may have a maidservant, who will sleep in the kitchen, but as she will probably be a girl who has come from the provinces with an aim in view, you must be prepared for the fact that the rules of her trade-union oblige you to give her three evenings off each week to go to school—and presently she will inform you that she is leaving to take up a better profession.

In the summer you will probably take a room or two in a "dacha" or house in the country, for the sake of the children.

If you are a wife, you will, quite possibly, work, partly because the money is useful, but even more because looking after one room isn't enough to keep you occupied while the children are at school or a playground.

It is difficult to compare wages, since conditions are so different, but we may, perhaps, fairly say that you will earn about 30s. a week in direct wages, with the firm you work for laying out another 10s. or 12s. a week on you, in the form of social services. Your income tax will be about 1s. 6d. a week, deducted from your wages before you receive them.

Once a year you will subscribe about a month's salary to the state loan, which will be taken out of your wages over ten months of the year, making about half a crown a week. For this you may have your choice of either ten-year interest-bearing bonds, or lottery bonds which may be drawn in anything from three months to ten years—and will choose the latter, since you may win a substantial prize.

Rent will cost you little; food will be fairly dear, but has been gradually getting cheaper for several years; clothing will be dear, but your wardrobe requirements will be simpler than in England; recreation will not cost much, nor will dental and medical care; self-improvement will cost virtually nothing; clothing for the children will be far cheaper, proportionately, than your own.

If you wake up in the morning feeling a bit queer and decide to be a hero and go to work anyway, you will receive no praise for your action. Instead, you will be blamed, on the ground that while a day or two in bed might have put you right, by not taking proper precautions you are risking a more serious illness, that would keep you away for an extended period.

Since, however, your wages are paid by your trade union while you are ill, your condition must be certified, so you summon a doctor, who looks you over, prescribes any treatment necessary and makes out a "bulletin" ordering you to remain in bed for a certain number of days. This bulletin must be produced when you return to work, or you will not be paid for those days. At the end of the stated period the doctor either certifies you fit for work or, if necessary, prolongs the bulletin.

For more serious medical and dental attention, you go to a clinic. The rates are low and are further reduced on presentation of your trade union card.

Your trade union membership, bringing you these and numerous other benefits, will cost you 1 per cent. of your salary. There is no compulsion to belong to the trade union, and not everyone does, for Soviet Russia is not "closed shop" in the full sense of the word. The law specifies that in the event that there are more applicants for jobs than there are jobs, preference must be given to trade union members, other things being equal.

Since the number of workers in Russia has not yet caught up with the number of jobs available, and does not seem likely to for some time, that situation rarely arises in practice, and non-membership will not seriously hamper you in obtaining employment. As the cost is low, however, and the material benefits considerable, nearly everyone does join.

Unless you are of the new generation that has grown up since the hard years, you are likely to have a number of ailments as a result of the privation during the Civil War and the years immediately following. Several years of unheated buildings have probably left you with a rheumatic complaint of one sort or another and, through insufficient nourishment during your formative years, you will be rather shorter than usual. This will be especially noticeable in the shortness of your legs from hip to knee, which, if you are a woman, will not add especially to beauty of figure, or carriage.

However, even more noticeable will be the fact that your children, who are better fed than you ever were, quickly reach a growth of half a head to a head taller than yourself, with a marked lengthening of the thigh bone. This will be by no means exceptional, but you will notice it wherever you see parents with their adolescent children.

Your fare will be substantial, because you have an enormous appetite, but a bit monotonous. Not because of lack of variety in the food shops, but because you have gotten out of the habit of baking, roasting and grilling and are inclined to fry everything. Practically every meal (except breakfast) will begin with soup, and you will wonder how foreigners can ever make a satisfactory luncheon, or dinner, without soup.

Although the meat you buy is of first quality, you will probably grind it up and fry it in the form of what are known, for some reason, as "cutlets," because for many years you had to do that with inferior meat. You will eat meat twice a day, a great many potatoes, but not many other vegetables and not much greens.

The sweet will be, perhaps, a fruit compôte or a sort of jelly made on a potato-starch base, known as kisyel, usually flavoured with cranberry juice. And, of course, five or six glasses of tea, with sugar and lemon.

At least twice a year you will invite all your friends in for a festive celebration, in honour of your birthday and the day of your patron saint, for while you no longer believe in the saint, his name-day provides a convenient excuse for a party.

So you borrow chairs from the neighbours, borrow a gramophone if you haven't one and bankrupt yourself until next pay day laying in food and drink. As each guest will also bring something to eat or drink, the occasion is sure to be a merry one and if there is a bit of noise—well, the neighbours can't very well complain about a birthday party; and anyway they are probably all at the festive board.

New Year's Day and, perhaps, Christmas Day, also call for a bit of celebrating, and if you have any elderly relatives you will probably observe them twice—once according to the new calendar and again thirteen days later, with your relatives, according to the old Russian calendar.

Your attitude toward religion will probably be one of indifference rather than active hostility, and you may even go to church at Easter or New Year's Day because you like the singing and the pageantry.

Your moral code will be a fairly simple one, based largely on family life and its integrity and the principle that the child must not suffer in any case. At the same time, you consider that if a man and woman love each other, registration of their marriage is a statistical rather than a moral obligation, and if they can't get along together, it is wrong for them to live together, though the obligation of both towards the children remains unchanged if they separate.

While divorce in itself does not shock you, you will consider that the person who frequently changes partners is a rather immature and unreliable sort of person and not at all worthy of respect, as a member of the community.

You will have very few superstitions. The number thirteen, three lights from a match, walking under a ladder and the like, will have no special significance for you. You will have a great veneration for Karl Marx as the fountain-head of all truth. Your attitude toward the Communist Party will be one of considerable respect, and you will be quite certain that Stalin is the greatest living statesman.

Counter-revolutionary trials will move you to considerable indignation and you will eagerly read the full court proceedings from day to day in the newspapers.

When you feel moved to criticise the government, you will express yourself freely at home and among your friends, but rather more carefully in public. Your relations with the police are probably confined to matters of passport and registration of address; but you have a healthy respect for the secret police and no desire to attract their scrutiny, though it would be exaggerating to use the word "fear" in describing your attitude towards them, since you have a fundamental faith in their fairness and a firm belief that, as long as you are innocent of any treasonable action, you will have no difficulties with them.

There is a considerable amount of red tape in your life, and you are surrounded by bureaucratic institutions, but this seems to you quite natural, since that has been the Russian way of living since time immemorial.

As in any country with a rigid press censorship, you will be continually hearing all manner of fantastic rumours—of new laws about to be decreed, men who have been arrested, military provocations on some frontier or another—and extravagant as many of these rumours are, in a large number of cases the passage of time proves them to be correct.

If you, for example, note that the picture of a certain people's commissar has been removed from its place of honour in the factory manager's office, you will probably inform your friends that the commissar is in disgrace and probably arrested. The odds are strong that a few weeks, or a few months, later this will be confirmed in the newspapers.

You will be tremendously excited about the exploits of Soviet heroes, who are glorified in the press and over the radio, and will be quite convinced that the airmen who flew over the North Pole, for instance, have outdone in heroism, anything recorded in ancient, medieval, or modern history, and that such heroism could only be produced in a socialist form of society.

You will be equally depressed by national disasters, such as the loss of the "Maxim Gorki," the world's largest land plane and for days will talk of nothing else.

Your attitude towards foreign countries will be largely coloured by the newspapers you read. You have a profound admiration for American inventiveness and industrialisation and hope to see it equalled as rapidly as possible in the Soviet Union. At the same time, you are convinced that millions of ragged men may be found sleeping under newspapers in the back streets of any village, town

(*please turn to page* 18)

MOON OVER THE HILLS

BY B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

SAUNT was watching the girl pack. You could never tell what Martushka was thinking. Her Chinese blood gave her a mask for a face, and the Russian half of her clouded her eyes, keeping the emotions that stirred her to herself. She showed no surprise when he told her. After a while she had just nodded and set quietly about collecting her poor belongings.

In all the women he had known Saunt had never imagined anything like this. He sat curiously still on the edge of the bunk as he watched her move daintily about among the familiar things of the hut. She was making a bundle for her shoulder with a gaily-striped linen cloth, picking and choosing among the gaudy little boxes in which she kept her trinkets, folding the embroideries of her best clothes. You would have thought there would have been some sign of what she had been through in the last twenty-four hours.

Spring had moved into high summer since he had first met her, and those five months had meant safety—up to now. Saunt had been on the run from the Belgian police at the L.M.K. Mines and, lost in the hills, he had just about reached his limit of endurance when he saw her from cover of the trees washing clothes in the river. Touched by the evening sun in the stillness of this lost country, she had not seemed real.

He called and she straightened to turn, watching him, motionless, as he dragged himself out of the forest and across the rocky ground to where she stood. They stood for a while without words. A girl like this was not what Saunt had expected in this bandit-ridden waste of North China. A man's coat covered her shoulders, and her legs and feet were bare, bronzed by the wind and the sun. Her wrists and ankles were slim, but it was the unspoilt beauty of her features that held Saunt dumb. Her skin had that milky softness of Chinese women, and in the slant of the setting sun her hair and eyes showed black as a crow's wing.

"Food," he said at length. "Three days in the forest. Savee chop?" He pointed to his mouth.

Even then her eyes had a tendency to linger over him. She smiled and gathered her washing, pointing back along the bank. Stumbling, he followed her.

From the first they never exchanged more than a word or two. The girl lived with her father in a shack he had built years before. The old man was a white Russian and he spoke a little English. He had lost his Chinese wife when their baby was a few months old, and in this hut the girl had grown up, practically without contact with the world. They made Saunt welcome and for two days he eat and slept. They were not curious, but when he had regained his strength Saunt saw that luck had led him to this place. He told the old man a tale of deserting from the army of General Hsi Hwang, adding characteristic details of his exploits as an airman and his refusal to fight against his own countrymen.

The old man had been, it seemed, a Tsarist officer and driven into China by the Bolsheviks had chosen to stop there, getting a living out of his fishing in the stream and his garden and the livestock. Saunt's tale won his sympathies and in broken English he promised loyal support if anyone came looking for Saunt. As the days passed, Saunt helped with the nets and the livestock, earning his keep. But it was a long time before he stopped jumping at shadows and keeping a roving eye alert for those Belgian police. What he had left behind in his rooms back at the mines was a hanging matter, even in China. The law about white women is strict.

Saunt was a big man with blond hair and the head and shoulders of a god. He knew the way it would be with this girl, but for the first few weeks he was too keen on saving his neck to take the matter up. The old man had called her Martushka, after his mother, and she was eighteen years old. At first she was content to sit and look at him, but soon she took to following him round. She never said anything, but she took trouble with the food she cooked for him and the way she mended his clothes and made his bed.

Weeks passed and no sign came that the police had tracked him. Saunt began to breathe more freely. He began to look at Martushka. Years ago a famous school and Cambridge had turned him out to pattern, ready for the world to handle, but in Saunt's case the raw material was wrong.

One evening they were sitting on the rocks with the sun going down behind the forest in a flaming cloud of glory. Saunt was tracing pictures in the sand for her with a stick. He drew a heart, then stopped, fumbling for a pencil. He had long since burnt all his papers, but he found the pencil and he found a piece of pasteboard. "Look!" he said, and began to draw on the card. He drew a heart, transfixed by an arrow, and grinned at her. She was not grinning. Then he wrote: "I love you, Martushka" in his neat, scholarly hand.

Martushka had spoken the words out after him as he wrote in her curious clipped ascent, but her face was very still and remote when he looked up to get the smile he had earned by his childish act. "Dumb as a fish," he thought. There had come that softness of the air and the spicy tang that marks the fall of night in the hill country of Northern China. The trailing glory of the vanished sun had left a silver crescent of the moon hanging low over the distant ridge.

He flicked the card away among the rocks, watching the girl as she followed its courses, skimming down to the river.

Once a month Saunt found the old man

visiting the village downstream to trade his dried fish, eggs and poultry. He was touched with rheumatism and the heavy baskets balanced on a bamboo pole over his shoulders troubled him. When the second month came round Saunt knew he should offer to go to the village, but he dare not risk it. The old man made no comment: he was always courteous and considerate, but Saunt knew that they must have thought it strange.

Other things were bothering Saunt. Little came to break into the monotony of the small world they made on that creek in the hills, and the solitude began to get hold of him. It seemed to draw him into the family. He was always thinking about the girl. There was a serene quality about her that got into his dreams, for he realised he had never known anything as rarely beautiful. The old man had his few simple ideals; the world meant nothing to him. Saunt grew to respect him. But Martushka seemed to hang on Saunt's wishes. She made herself his slave. Saunt could never have explained why this should have worried a man with his record among women.

His nerves were growing ragged again, and one evening he let loose. Rounding the rocks as he made his way up to the hut from the river he saw two men talking to the old man on the porch, and he stopped dead in his tracks. He watched them through a crack in the boulders, rage conquering the fear in his heart. They were European, in breeches and field-boots. When they had gone he raced up to the house.

"Who were those men?" he demanded harshly. "I was watching you. They were from the mines. What have you been telling them? Are you going to answer me?"

The old Russian looked at him curiously. "Yes. From mines," he agreed. "Not Chinese. Not of General Hwang."

"What'd you tell them?" Saunt shouted.

The old man shook his head. "Survey men. *Calmez-vous, mon ami!*" He continued in French, which Saunt could understand, to tell him that they had stopped in passing to have a chat. Occasionally they saw men from the mines.

For a while Saunt held his eyes levelly, then turning on his heel stalked away into the woods. Dusk caught him and as the velvet darkness gathered he made his way to the rock by the sandy beach. For an age he sat while the stars came out to prick the curtain overhead, fighting for control against something he could not understand. A hand touched his arm and he made out the shape of Martushka at his side. Her eyes hung on to his. "Doan go," she said, and her fingers tightened over his wrist.

Saunt shifted to stand up, groping for her other hand. He pulled her to him close and the night filled with the drumming of wings as he found her lips. "Martushka!" he whispered. "You're beautiful."

Her young body trembled slightly against his and he could feel the deep beat of her heart against his own. She made no move, no sound, and something in the core of Saunt stirred that had never stirred before. "I love you, Little Lady," he cried. "I know now that I've never loved anyone before."

Next day Saunt got out the baskets and the pole. "I'm going to the market," he told the old man. "Understand?"

The Russian nodded, watching him closely.

Saunt stopped the girl who was filling the baskets and pointed away towards the creek. When she was gone Saunt turned back to the old man. "There's something I'm going to tell you," he said. "I was never with Hsi Hwang's army. I had a job at the mines as overseer of coolie labour. I had an affair with the wife of a Belgian engineer and the woman came to my room to raise cain. She brought a knife and began screaming and slashing at me. I hit her. She made me just about sick of women. I must have been mad."

"She was—dead?"

Saunt was not looking at him. He nodded. "It must have broken her neck. But I didn't wait to face it out. I ran. And came here. That's why I've been so scared of—of being seen."

For a long time the old man said nothing. When he spoke it was in French. "We are your friends," he said. "It is I who will go to the village."

Saunt laughed. "Wait a minute. I served two years in a French gaol once for giving bad cheques to a hotel in Paris."

"That was a woman, too?"

"Yes."

That unfathomable look was in the Russian's eyes when Saunt looked up. He seemed to be seeing things way beyond the ragged crest of the trees on the horizon. "We are still your friends," he offered, at length. "Listen. It is I who go to the market. It is I who commands, now. You understand?"

A peasant came running through the forest just before sunset next day. The old man, he said, was lying sick in the forest beyond the hills. They found that he had been knifed in the back for the money he was carrying. He was dying, and there was nothing they could do. The girl's eyes widened with terror at what she saw in that peasant's hut, but the veil soon dropped over her eyes. Together they stayed by the old man's side until the end.

Before he died, he said, "We are your friends, Martushka and I."

The girl said nothing, she was looking at the dead face of the old man.

They buried him behind the shack he had built, giving him a mound, Chinese fashion, with bits of coloured paper to flutter in the wind and sanctify the spot. Martushka helped him, patiently, quietly, without breaking down. Saunt knew more surely now than ever, what he had to do. They were his friends. The least he could do was stand firm.

He took Martushka down to the rock when it was all over and worked round towards telling her his decision. He spoke to her in pidgin-English and French and Latin, but under the weight of her grief she showed that everything that was in her to give was his. Saunt had to lie then, for not the least of the things that had come to him in the last few months was the determination that no such waste should occur. But first he spoke to her in a language she could not understand.

"I've got something," he said, "that is going on living long after I'm dead. I'm going to lose you now. But I'm always going to keep you. You'll never know, so what the hell's it matter?"

Then laboriously he began to explain to her. At length she understood how to get to Muchwang and the pro-consul's office, where she would find him waiting for her. He could not travel with her for the guards at Nalgan searched everyone: they would never let him through. The pro-consul would marry them and they would sail for San Francisco. She must pack and start now. . . .

He pulled her to him close and the night filled with the drumming of wings, as he found her lips. "Martushka!" he whispered. "You're beautiful"

And so Saunt watched her pack. He was thinking as she gathered her trinkets that the pro-consul had a decent woman for a wife. Martushka would be all right. There would be her story of some man who was coming to marry her. They might even send to the hut here. They would find nothing, not even his body, for Saunt was going to be careful about that. That pro-consul had been at Cambridge with Saunt and, by some freak, he might recognise—what he found, if there were anything to find.

Those black pools were shining at Saunt when the corners of the linen were tied. "Till to-morrow," he lied, and kissed her. He saw her to the corner of the wood, then turned back to the empty house.

A queer restlessness held him as he moved about the rooms that had seen her grow from a child to womanhood. For a man who had decided to take his final leave, it seemed futile to linger, tormenting himself. The revolver, the boat, and the heavy stone were all ready and waiting, but he could not bring himself yet to leave the little house. It was here he had found himself, as some day all men must find themselves; some in the mirror of life, some in the misty reflection of what lies beyond.

Dusk caught him wandering yet, touching things she had handled, seeing things as she had seen them. He decided to give himself another night and this last night he slept well.

The sun was high when he awoke. Someone was shaking his shoulder and a cold hand dragged at his heart when he saw two men beside his bunk.

"That's Saunt all right," the younger man decided.

He rolled out of his blanket, pulling on his clothes. These were not police, for he recognised the younger man as Mat Rogers, from the transport section at the mines. He tried to think, but all he could get out of his mind was relief that the girl was not there to see all this.

"I suppose you know you've been posted as missing for five months?" the older man asked.

Saunt stopped pulling on his boots to look up at him. "I'm ready to come with you without any fuss," he said quietly. "That woman—Mrs. Duquesne——"

"I told you!" interrupted Rogers, shooting a jubilant finger at his companion. "Here's a man who disappears to get away from a woman who's pestering him! There's more men disappear on account of the women out here than get pulled in by the bandits."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Saunt said.

"You don't have to worry any more, Saunt, old man," Rogers grinned. "Mrs. Duquesne's gone back to Belgium. She had a fall from a horse, or down some stairs, or something, according to her husband's story, just after you lit out. She had a black eye and cricked neck for weeks and then her husband sent her home."

Saunt's face was a mask as he stared at the other. "How did you know where I was?" he demanded.

"We found a note from you on a girl we were searching at Nalgan. You know we have to try to trace all missing Europeans."

"A note?"

"Your handwriting, old man. Besides, it's written on half of a load-card from the mines. Brief but to the point. We had to read it—and I almost had my face scratched off by the lady, too."

Saunt took the slip from the older man. He saw a pencilled heart transfixed by an arrow.

A queer feeling of detachment had come over him, but he struggled to keep a grip on himself. "Where's the girl?" he asked. "Did you bring her with you?"

"She's in the car," Rogers said. "What are your orders?"

"We'll come back with you if you don't mind. We're going to be married at Muchwang." He paused on that, striving to ride the tide of emotion that was drowning him. "Ask her—ask her to come in here for a moment."

Alone in the room, waiting for her to come, he heard the rush of her feet across the living-room. "Martushka!" he called softly, and as he took her in his arms he was thinking that she had gone back to find the card and treasure it. And it had brought her back to him.

A New "Longshanks" Story

in which Ephraim, the horse that faithfully follows the winter pilgrimage of Father Francis and Longshanks, has a murky past which is revealed in a most surprising way

LOOKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

BY FRANCIS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. G. ILLINGWORTH

FOR several days I had noticed a certain listlessness in Ephraim, our faithful horse, and because he was getting so fat I supposed that Longshanks (who averred that he knew all about what he rather coarsely termed "horseflesh" and so was in charge of his feeding and general management) had been giving him too much to eat.

But on the third evening, when we brought the caravan on to the common at Henfield and stopped there for the night, I began to be really alarmed. For so soon as he was unharnessed, Ephraim refused his food and promptly lay down.

"I wonder what *is* the matter with poor Ephraim," I said to Longshanks. "Do you think it's old age coming on?"

Longshanks cocked a professional eye at our horse and then, bending, lifted his lip and exposed the great yellow teeth. Much impressed I waited his verdict.

"No, he's not old," said Longshanks, at length. "He can't be more than forty."

I looked at Longshanks suspiciously, but his face was unsmiling.

"But horses do not commonly live above twenty years of age," I told him. "That I do know."

"Of course not. Of course not," Longshanks said hurriedly. "Well, he's got a good six more years of life, anyhow."

Now, I am quite sure Longshanks had said forty and not fourteen, as his last remark suggested; wherefore I was somewhat perturbed lest he knew as little as I about horses. I knelt down beside Ephraim and stroked his faithful head.

"How hot he is!" I exclaimed, in dismay. "I'm sure he's got a temperature."

Longshanks was plainly alarmed. He looked closely at the animal.

"He does seem queer," he admitted. "Perhaps we ought to find out for certain," he said, vaguely.

"Just what I was going to remark myself," I said, fondling Ephraim's ears. "But we haven't got a thermometer. Do you go into the village, Longshanks, and buy one."

Longshanks therefore departed and about ten minutes later returned.

"The chemist was closed," he said, "and anyhow I don't suppose a clinical thermometer's much use for a horse, so I got this at the ironmonger's." And he showed me a large thermometer of the kind one uses to tell the temperature of one's greenhouse.

I looked at it doubtfully.

"Are you sure that'll do?" I asked.

"Certainly," Longshanks said. "After all," he went on, peering at it in the light of the caravan lamps, "it shows every degree of temperature."

Now the problem arose: How did one take a horse's temperature? Obviously not by putting a thermometer in its mouth and under the tongue, for a horse would quickly expel it. Longshanks did not seem to know. Then I remembered that I had once seen a doctor put a thermometer in the armpit of a child who was too young to hold it in its mouth.

"The armpit, of course!" I exclaimed.

This seemed to be easy enough, for Ephraim was now lying full length on his side. I lifted a foreleg and found that the leg didn't fit against his chest as a human arm does.

But there was no time for conjecture. I felt sure that poor Ephraim was really ill.

"Put it against his chest and hold it there," I commanded Longshanks. "No, the other end of it. Surely you——"

Longshanks hastily reversed the instrument and placed it against Ephraim's hot chest; whereat the horse raised his head and looked at the thermometer. I stroked his forehead soothingly, what time I murmured tender words—for by now Ephraim had become very dear to me.

Longshanks held the thermometer in position for five minutes; then together we studied it. Unfortunately the coloured spirit in it was already falling.

"It must have been up to about there," Longshanks said, pointing to the 120 degrees mark. "That's where it seemed to be when I took it away from him."

But the problem was: What was a horse's normal temperature?

"Perhaps it isn't the same as a man's," I said. "I know a chicken's isn't. That's why a chicken can sleep in a draughty hen roost without catching cold."

"And a horse doesn't always sleep indoors," Longshanks said. "Ephraim won't to-night, for instance. So I suppose his temperature is higher than a man's. But perhaps he's working up a temperature only because he knows he's going to sleep out!"

"Don't be heartless, Longshanks," I chid him.

Well, we argued about this matter for some time, and at length we resolved to take our beloved companion to a veterinary surgeon at daybreak next morning—or at least so soon thereafter as a veterinary surgeon would be likely to have risen from bed.

We made much fuss of Ephraim, therefore, that night. Longshanks cooked for him a bran mash—at least, that is what he said the concoction was called—of our porridge and oatmeal, and I tried to coax Ephraim to eat it. I even went so far as to put it into his mouth with a tablespoon, but he would have none of it.

I was deeply distressed and sat on a rug with Ephraim's ugly but honest head on my lap, soothing him as best I might. He looked so woebegone that my heart bled for him, and I half resolved to sit thus all night. But Ephraim, no doubt lulled by the gentle stroking of my fingers on his brow, fell into a profound slumber and began to breathe stertorously. I told Longshanks, therefore, to make a pad of blankets and slip it under his head so that he should think that it still lay on my lap; then we covered him tenderly with some more blankets and, commending him to God, we began to eat our simple supper. When finally we went to bed at about eight of the clock Ephraim was still sleeping soundly and we hoped that a night's repose would restore him to more robust health.

But in the morning we found that he had already risen and was standing dolefully with hanging head.

"There is no help for it," I said to Longshanks. "We must take Ephraim to the veterinary surgeon and if need be, leave him there. I expect we shall be able to hire another horse—though in truth I do not like the idea."

When we had broken our fast, therefore, we led Ephraim slowly to the village and asked a labourer where we could find a veterinary surgeon. He told us willingly, and a little later we discovered the place.

The veterinary surgeon surveyed Ephraim with an eye that was obviously much more practised then Longshanks's. I told him of the symptoms we had observed, but I did not mention that we had taken Ephraim's temperature, because that did not seem necessary.

The veterinary surgeon grunted once or twice and looked at me, I thought, in a strange fashion.

"Perhaps he's sickening for something," I suggested.

Then the man grinned in such a way that I wondered whether he were quite the right kind of person to be entrusted with the care of Ephraim. But he stroked our horse in a kindly fashion and looked so competent that I felt it were wrong of me to mistrust him.

"You'd better leave the—" he began, and then asked: "What did you say the name was?"

"Ephraim," I answered, stroking the horse's nose affectionately. "We are very fond of him; and I hope therefore, you will——"

The street was filled with ribald laughter, so that I felt more like remaining in my undignified position than exposing myself further to the public gaze, but the situation was critical, and I could not leave Longshanks in the lurch

"Never fear," the veterinary surgeon answered, in a curiously throaty voice. "I'll look after the beast. I expect it'll be ready for you in about a week."

He seemed so confident that I was overjoyed. He told us, too, that there was a man nearby who would hire a horse to us meanwhile and to him, therefore, we repaired. The horse in question was a huge beast —seventeen hands, Longshanks told me afterwards, though I thought they must have been very large hands. We led this new acquisition back to the common and there Longshanks harnessed him to the caravan. In silence we started from that place towards Horsham.

I did not like our new acquisition, but I tried to discourage myself from this feeling because I knew that it was quite unreasonable. The horse was doubtless quite as good as Ephraim—indeed, judging by his size and the ease with which he pulled our caravan, we should have to pay him less consideration than we had our own animal. But Ephraim was a friend and a faithful companion and servant, whereas this was but a mere horse. And to my mind —but perhaps I was prejudiced—he had a much stronger smell than Ephraim, and I worried somewhat whether this would hang about my clothes and cause me to be thought a "horsey" man.

Nor was Longshanks enamoured of our hired beast, but I think that this may have been that he had to walk faster when he elected, for the sake of the exercise, to tramp alongside the horse's head. No doubt it was this that caused Longshanks, after we had gone but a mile or so, to climb up alongside me on the driving-seat of the caravan and take the reins.

Certainly we were travelling at a good speed, although the horse was walking. I noticed this when I was saying my morning Office. The caravan swayed and lurched so much as the horse strained forward against his collar, that I could scarcely see the small print in my breviary.

In a little while we came to a place where the road forked. The signpost said that we should go to the left. But the horse took us to the right.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Surely you saw what the signpost said, Longshanks. I am surprised at you, especially since we are pressed for time."

"There's something the matter with the reins," he muttered, pulling at them so that the horse stopped.

He got down from the seat and went to investigate. Then he looked at me in a puzzled way.

"That's funny," he said. "There's nothing wrong with them. Why wouldn't the brute go to the left?"

"You mustn't call him a brute, even if he isn't Ephraim," I reproved him. "I expect you didn't pull hard enough. Anyhow, there's no time to be lost. Turn him round and let us go back."

In silence Longshanks, therefore, tried to turn the horse. But the road was insufficiently wide to accommodate this manœuvre, and so he proceeded to back the animal. The rear wheel promptly went into the ditch.

"Oh, Longshanks," I exclaimed, "what are you about? You had better lead the br—— I mean the horse to that side-track," I said, pointing ahead. "You will have room to turn round there."

In silence still, Longshanks led the horse forward to where the lane went off to the right and there, by dint of much effort, he managed to get the caravan round the other way. Then without a word he mounted the caravan and started back.

This time at the fork the horse responded to the rein and turned into the road without mishap.

For three miles we proceeded without incident. Longshanks by this time was humming a tune unmusically, his teeth clenched on his pipe and I was reflecting that it was a long time since we had had breakfast. Also I was thinking of poor Ephraim and wondered whether he was missing us. I felt very unhappy at leaving our poor friend in strange surroundings and amongst people he did not know.

Cross-roads ahead roused me from my reverie.

"We have to go to the left again," I told Longshanks. "Don't make a mistake a second time."

"It was the horse's mistake, not mine," he pointed out, mildly.

"It is inconceivable that the horse could—Bless my soul, Longshanks!" I exclaimed, exasperated. "You're going wrong again"—for the horse was calmly plodding straight on instead of turning. "Are you doing it purposely?"

But no; Longshanks, I could see, was still tugging at the left rein, though, indeed, it was too late to turn now, and had the horse responded we should have been in the ditch.

"There's something the matter with these reins," Longshanks said, very red in the face.

Again he pulled up the horse and, again, he went and examined the reins. This time he inspected the bridle and the bit, too. Then he took off that abominably shapeless hat—which, by the way, I had often planned to destroy, but which I never could find when Longshanks was asleep—and scratched his untidy head.

"It beats me," he said. "He goes to the right, but he won't go to the left at all. He must have got only one side to his mouth."

He took hold of the left rein and pulled it gently. Nothing happened. The horse stood still, resisting without an effort the attempt to direct his head to the left. Longshanks pulled harder. Still nothing happened.

"That's what it is," he said. "You come and try, Father."

Reluctantly—for I was very comfortable where I was—I descended from my seat and went forward. I pulled persuadingly at the left rein. Then I pulled harder. I might have been tugging at a ship's hawser so far as result was concerned.

Now there is nothing, I am persuaded, more exasperating than a horse that will not do as it is bidden. Moreover, after our experience of the docile Ephraim, I was not used to such obstinacy as our present horse's. And I became exceedingly angry with the animal.

"See if there is anything coming behind," I bade Longshanks, determinedly. "I'll back the brute."

Frivolously Longshanks grinned and went back to the crossroads.

"All clear," he sang out.

Taking the two reins, therefore, I urged the beast backwards, a proceeding that he did not like at all, apparently. He waggled his head so protestingly that he banged it against mine, and I became more angry.

"You horrible animal!" I chid him. "Go back, will you?"

The caravan's tail swung round of a sudden, and a bucket that was hanging behind caught Long-

(*please turn to page* 17)

shanks a shrewd blow on the arm. He shouted—no doubt his funny-bone tingled. At that moment a car swung round into our road and stopped with a scream of brakes. A red-faced man thrust his head out of the window.

"What in thunder are you doing?" he bawled at me.

I swallowed hard.

"It's all right," Longshanks called, still rubbing his arm. "His reverence is taking exercise."

"Taking exercise!" roared the motorist, his face redder than ever. "What the devil does he want to exercise here for? Take that damned prehistoric beast away."

I was very angry by this time.

"It is very wrong of you to call our horse a prehistoric beast," I reproved the uncouth man. "He is nothing of the sort. He is a very patient animal who is only doing what I tell him."

"Haw! haw! haw!" guffawed the rude fellow, and "Ho! ho! ho!" Longshanks joined in.

And now there came a violent hooting of a horn from the other side.

"Come on! Get a move on!" shouted a young man, leaning over the side of a rakish sports car—at least, I think that is what such things as his are called. "What is it? A circus?"

With difficulty I restrained my anger.

"I can't go either way unless one of you two let me pass," I pointed out, reasonably enough.

At that moment a third car came to a halt, its driver sounding a nerve-racking siren. The poor horse was so startled that he began to back of his own accord. The caravan would have crashed into the car behind, but that Longshanks, who has great strength, seized a wheel of our vehicle and swung it right into the ditch. Then, to a fusillade of more indecorous language from the several cars on each side of us, he shoved me away from the horse's head and brought the beast to the side of the road. Laughter and shouts of derision from those unpleasant motorists came to us as the cars took advantage of the gap and passed by.

"Longshanks," I said firmly, "I am going by train to Horsham."

"Father," said Longshanks, with equal determination, "you are not. No deserting the ship. But you are not going to be allowed to touch that unpleasant brute again," nodding towards the horse.

In due course, and very expertly, Longshanks got the caravan round so that I could not but admire his horsemanship—for so, I suppose, one may call it—and we gained the right road. As the horse plodded along Longshanks tested his theory that the horse had only one side to its mouth. Every now and then he pulled at the left rein, but without any effect whatsoever. Nor could I achieve any better result.

"This makes things rather awkward," Longshanks said, finally. "It means that whenever we go to the left we shall have to steer the horse in threequarters of a circle to the right."

"We can't possibly do that, Longshanks," I said, very much worried. "The road is usually much too narrow. For instance," I went on, pointing ahead, "there's the next turning. We can't possibly turn threequarters of a circle there."

Longshanks stopped the horse a discreet distance from the turning and, while I held the reins, he went forward and then, turning round, he cocked his head and contemplated the caravan, seeking an inspiration in our predicament. But I could see from where I sat that the manœuvre was impossible. My worry was acute when Longshanks returned.

"There's only one thing for it, Father," he said. "We shall have to

Football supporter: "Losh! What a grand team they'd make!"

push the horse to the left when we get him to the cross-roads."

That seemed a sensible solution to the problem. Longshanks, therefore, led the horse carefully to the fork and there halted him. I got down from the driving-seat, and we both went to the horse's offside. Longshanks took the bridle firmly.

"When I say 'Go!' push like—like anything," he bade me. And then, "Go!" he commanded.

I put my shoulder against the horse's neck and thrust all my weight against him. A moment later I was hopping about on one foot and in extreme agony, for the horse had put his hoof clean on my toes. But the beast was facing in the right direction, and that, Longshanks said heartlessly, was the only thing that mattered.

Painfully I mounted the caravan again.

"Well, we know what to do in future," Longshanks said complacently.

I said nothing, but I was quite certain that nothing would induce me to repeat that exploit. Indeed, I felt so aggrieved that, for my part, I did not care what happened to the caravan.

I suppose that it was about midday when we reached Horsham. We were bound for a village on the far side and —I thought ominously—one that lay to the left, and unfortunately there was no way thither save through the town. I racked my brains in an effort to remember whether we had to turn left in the town or beyond it, but I found that I could not recall the place, so long ago was it since I had been there.

And, indeed, memory would not have assisted me, for I discovered that there were many of these new-fangled regulations in force and that some streets admitted one-way traffic only.

There were many vehicles about. Behind us, unable to pass because of the narrowness of the road, was a string of cars. These worried me considerably, for I did not like the idea that we were obstructing motorists—some of them are so short-tempered.

And then cross-roads showed ahead!

"Which way is it at the cross-roads?" I whispered to Longshanks, as though we could be overheard.

Then my heart fluttered and completely stopped beating. For plainly I saw the sign ahead, "No Entry. Turn Left!" And a policeman stood in the centre directing traffic!

Evidently Longshanks had seen the sign too. With an ejaculation he jumped into the road and ran to the horse's head. Meanwhile I grabbed the reins. The horse stopped.

The policeman beckoned us on. Longshanks tugged at the bridle, but the horse stood still.

"Come on! Hurry up! You can't stop there," the constable bawled.

Longshanks tugged at the bridle, but without result. People in cars behind began to shout. The policeman looked irate. Then I realised that in my panic I was still tugging at the reins. I released them, therefore, but foolishly I did so while Longshanks was giving an especially hard tug at the bridle. The result was that the horse started forward so suddenly and violently that Longshanks was unprepared and got mixed up with its legs, while I, who in my perturbation had unconsciously stood up, fell backwards into the caravan. With my legs sticking up in an undignified manner over the driving-seat, I struggled to right myself.

The street was filled with ribald laughter, so that I felt more like seeking refuge inside the vehicle than exposing myself further to the public gaze; but the situation outside was critical and I could not leave Longshanks in the lurch. When I had regained the seat I found that he was picking himself up from the road. The horse meanwhile had his nose almost in the forbidden street.

It was fortunate that I had not lost the reins. I tugged at them as hard as I could and the horse came to a halt. Longshanks meanwhile had made a grab at the bridle.

Seeing that Longshanks held the horse's head, I hurriedly got down from the caravan. Longshanks was, it seemed, trying to explain matters to the policeman. And the policeman was plainly unbelieving.

How can I possibly describe the dreadful scene that followed? The din was terrific, for motorists, despite regulations to the contrary, added the sound of their horns to the hilarity of the pedestrians. And the policeman was shouting at the top of his voice and waving his arms about.

But finally, he seemed to be persuaded that we were not romancing—for meanwhile I, too, had joined in and was trying to explain matters—and he and I put our shoulders to the horse's neck and shoulders, the while Longshanks got in front and tugged the beast round in the right direction. And then, when we were in the left-hand street, the policeman bade us pull up by the pavement and produced a note-book.

Then there was more bother because the only address we could give was our caravan; and when Longshanks was asked his name and he said, thoughtlessly, "Longshanks," the constable closed his note-book firmly and bidding us get on to the driving-seat, climbed into the caravan beside us and commanded us to drive to the police station—which journey, of great good fortune, required no left turn.

It was very late that afternoon when finally we managed to leave Horsham. And we departed on foot, having paid a man to take the horse back to Henfield and found accommodation for our equipage in the yard of an inn, whence we hoped to retrieve it when Ephraim should be restored unto us.

We arrived at our destination just as daylight was fading, but we were made cheerful by an invitation to stay at a fine house while we should be tarrying in that place.

We were free to leave on the fifth day. Early in the morning, therefore, and with joyful hearts we began our journey back to Henfield on foot, being resolved that we would not ride in any vehicle until we had recovered Ephraim. In Horsham, Longshanks, to mark the occasion, bought a new nosebag, and this he carried, when we had packed our small belongings into it, over his shoulder.

We stopped only once, and that was at an inn, where we ate a goodly portion of bread and cheese and drank strong ale to keep out the cold. Longshanks's nosebag occasioned some comment, but he said that it was packed with our belongings and that it was a more useful receptacle than a suitcase, so he was saved from ridicule.

And then we came, at the ending of the day, to Henfield, and we went at once to the house of the veterinary surgeon.

He greeted us with much enthusiasm whereat I was no little surprised, and at once said that we must go to inspect our horse who, he said, was safely relieved of his trouble.

"By the way, what did you say his name was?" he asked me, as we made our way to the stables.

I told him, surprised that he should have forgotten. To my further amazement he chuckled.

"You'll have to re-name the animal", he said, lifting the latch of the stable door.

He switched on the light and we looked inside. With a whinny of pleasure that warmed my heart Ephraim moved quickly towards us. And behind trotted a diminutive foal.

SHORT SHORT STORY
complete on this page of George Halfpenny's surprised feeling at finding that "high society" was so low

NAME OF MUGGINS

BY GILBERT HORSLER

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

"Why, of course," exclaimed Buck. "Silly of me to forget. You made a great impression on me that day. By the way, allow me to introduce my fiancee, Lady Coutts-Waring . . . Bubbles, my dear, meet Major—beg pardon—Captain—?" "Halfpenny," said George

"LOOKS interesting?" Through lips that scarcely flickered, Red Madge ventured the hazard.

"Very!" The cool grey eyes of Buck Delanly did not leave the mirror.

The thing that had occasioned the girl's remark was the reflected actions of a small, fussy little man seated in their immediate rear. For the second time within a few minutes he had produced a fatly filled wallet for the purpose of checking the crisp papers within it. It is a nervous habit of men not usually accustomed to carrying large sums.

"Bank notes by the look of them from here. If they are only 'fivers' it is, as you say, interesting." Turning his eyes from the glass, the speaker glanced at his com panion from under lowered, suggestive lids.

Madge—inevitably nicknamed Red by reason of her rich auburn hair—had been a lady's maid until her meeting with the handsome Buck Delanly. The meeting had been swiftly followed by the distressing affair of the duchess's diamonds, since which time the pair had worked together to their mutual advantage.

Looking the typical Guards officer—the tie of which regiment he wore—it was with just the right measure of half recognition that Buck stepped across to the table occupied by the subject of their interest.

"Why, I'll be hanged if it isn't Major . . . Major . . .? Awfully sorry, old man, but for the moment the name's escaped me."

George Halfpenny looked up in pleased surprise at being addressed by such an impressive personality. The rank of major also gave him a small thrill. Mentally he resolved to promote himself at the first opportunity. The head of a boys' brigade mustering forty-five husky lads should be something higher than a mere captain. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, sir. I don't remember having the pleasure." He rose, blushing awkwardly.

"Tosh, man . . . now we are both losing our memories," laughed the first speaker.

Desperately George racked his brains. Suddenly he recollected the formal opening of his town's new Town Hall, at which many celebrities had been present, and at which his brigade—with himself in a new uniform at their head—had been much in evidence. He suggested the possibility.

"Why, of course," exclaimed Buck. "Silly of me to forget. By the way, allow me to introduce my fiancée, Lady Coutts-Waring. . . . Bubbles, my dear, meet Major—beg pardon—Captain . . .?"

"Halfpenny," said George, offering a limp hand; the fact that the man who claimed his acquaintance casually alluded to such a glorious creature as "Bubbles" was the last, overwhelming, straw. After that, that they should insist on sharing coffee with him seemed almost natural, and before he knew what had happened he found himself chatting away as if he had known his new friends a lifetime.

"You'll have to bring that boys' brigade of yours to our wedding," laughed Buck, after a while. "Make quite a contrast to my escort of Guards."

"If ever we do get married," pouted the girl. "There's that idiotic affair of your uncle's will to be settled first. The old fool must have been crazy to make such conditions . . ."

It was the awaited cue for the age-old tale of a million inheritance on condition that a hundred thousand pounds had first to be distributed to deserving cases. Buck and the girl played their fish with consummate skill, until, bemused and be-flattered, George Halfpenny found himself outside in the street, with a bundle of notes of the value—so he had been told—of five hundred pounds. Did he prove himself reliable, he was to have the sole dispensation of the rest of the hundred thousand.

Eventually the little man returned and with a smile Buck held out his hands for the notes as George took his seat.

George looked rather uncomfortable. "I hope I have done right," he said, "but remembering what you told me about deserving cases, and being in a hurry to get the business settled, I questioned a poor man I saw selling matches. It seemed he needed just five hundred pounds to set him up in a little shop, so I gave it to him. His gratitude was quite touching. I've taken his name and address for verification."

Buck had always prided himself on his iron control, but it was only a vicious kick from a small toe that now saved him from an outburst. One of those fivers had been a *real* one.

With a smile that hurt, Madge said "I think that was fine of you; you have removed all our doubts."

"Absolutely," agreed Buck, playing up to his partner. "Now all that's to do is to see my lawyer man and get the rest of the money transferred to to your account."

"Then we can get on with our wedding and off to Monte," gurgled the girl. "But wait a moment. You have proved that you trust the captain, won't your lawyer want to know if he will trust you?"

"There you go again," grumbled Buck. "That's a woman all over." He turned apologetically to George. . . .

So the second card in the game was played, and the victim, only too relieved that his early action had been taken in such good part, found himself *tête-a-tête* with the charming Lady Coutts-Waring, while the debonair Sir Gerald Gorely, as he had introduced himself, in his turn took George's wallet for a walk.

They had waited well beyond the stipulated time, when the girl began to show signs of temper: "Jerry's a dear boy, but he's too casual for words," she complained, "I'll bet my pearls to a glass bead that he's slipped into the Tudor Club for a 'quick one.' We'd better stroll along and liven him up. I'll give him a piece of my mind while I'm about it."

The Tudor Club, which was only a few steps away, turned out to be a small, unpretentious building, but, as the girl was careful to explain, it was patronised by the very best people.

"They won't admit you as you are not a member," she said. "But if you will be kind enough to wait a moment, I'll fish the truant out."

The moment had lengthened to a good twenty minutes before the waiting man got really anxious; at the same time he became aware of the scrutiny of a keen-eyed individual on the opposite side of the road. Catching his eyes, the man crossed:

"What's your little game?" he demanded, curtly.

"Game," stammered George. "I was only waiting for a lady."

"I saw the *lady* all right, and let me add that it's my business to be interested in anybody I see in the company of Red Madge."

"Red Madge? You mean Lady Coutts-Waring."

"Lady Cou——? So that's their little idea, is it? I think you had better tell me all that you know about Buck Delanly and Red Madge. . . . I'm from the Yard."

In sudden, horror-stricken enlightenment, Halfpenny blurted out the tale of his trusting his wallet to the stranger. "They're in that club now," he concluded. "You had better go and arrest them."

The detective looked at the victim pityingly. "I don't suppose it has occurred to you that the Tudor possesses a back entrance?" he asked, meaningly. "They are spending your money now."

"No, they are not," protested George, "for there were only vouchers in the wallet. I'm the head of a boys' brigade, and every year we have an outing. I always put the arrangements in the hands of a travel agency. I suppose these people noticed me checking the vouchers—there were forty-five of them—and thought that they were banknotes. Now I shall have to go back to the agency and explain what has happened."

While the speaker had been telling his tale, the detective's eyes had been opening wider and wider. At the end he leaned weakly against the wall and laughed helplessly. Suddenly his eyes hardened. Halfpenny, fiddling in his overcoat pocket, had produced a crumpled banknote, at which he was gazing with startled surprise.

"Where did you get that?" snapped the officer, suspiciously.

"It must have slipped off the bundle I gave away," answered George, simply.

"*Gave* away . . .?"

"Yes." Halfpenny explained his encounter with the match-seller.

"Ye gods and little fishes, this gets funnier and funnier," gasped the detective. "Here, let's have a look at that note."

"Holy Moses! This is the end that crowns all," he said, in awed tones, after a swift examination. "This is a *real* fiver. The 'call-bird' of the bunch, obviously. You had better spend it on those boys of yours; it'll do them more good, anyway. Now I must get on the track of that match-seller, before he gets into trouble. You can bet *his* fivers are not real."

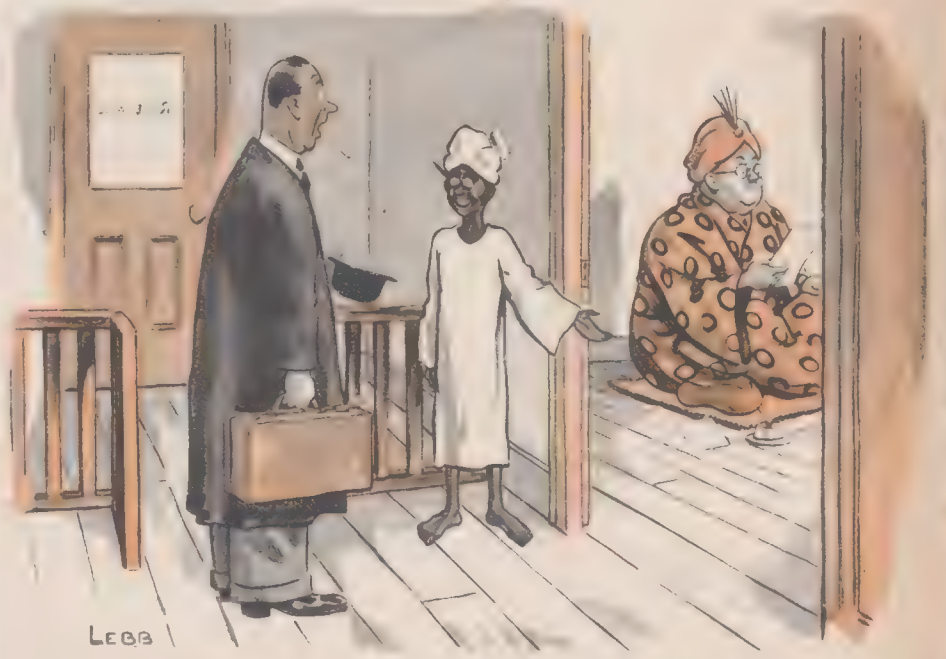
Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW" S

"The Captain *insists* on iced coffee."

"What can I do about it?"

"It's to remind me, when I pass on my way to the club to-night, to post some letters my wife is bound to give me!"



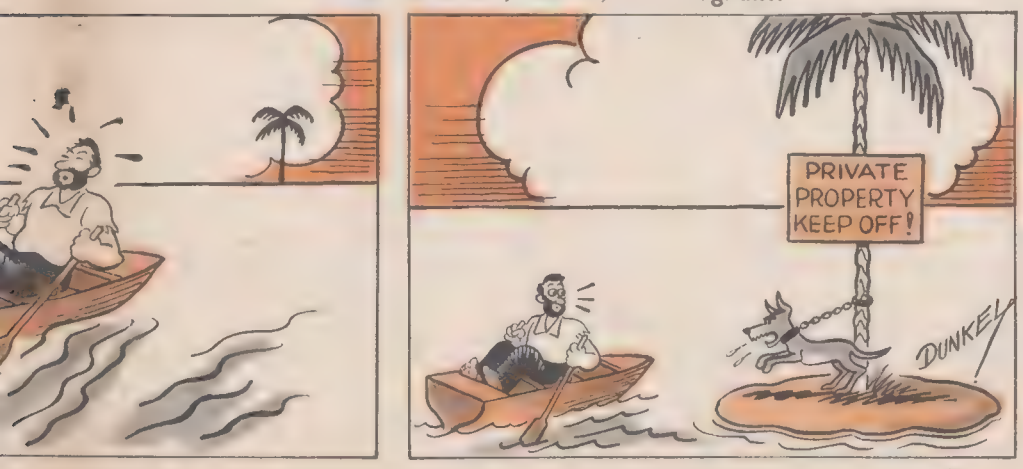
"They took the office furniture away yesterday, so we're eastern merchants to-day!"

olkter

ow" Smile Section

"There's that writ-server waiting for Zellini again."

"You can come out, Martha, it's a staghunt."



PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN

Continued from Page 9

or city in the United States, every night.

Your attitude towards France has become considerably warmer since the Franco-Soviet pact and since the Popular Front government came into power, has been definitely friendly.

The people of Germany are a fine, industrious lot, with great scientific and industrial ability, ruled over by a dangerous madman who came to power solely through the treachery of the German Social Democrats and other liberal elements.

Your hatred of the word "liberal" in all its forms puts Great Britain very low in your scale of "favoured nations," and you are convinced that British diplomacy, world policy and selfish cowardice are responsible for Japan's successful aggression in Manchuria, Italy's in Abyssinia and Spain, and the generally muddled European situation.

You believe that a combination of France, England, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., animated by a sincere desire for peace, could maintain it indefinitely. You very much hope that a war will not interrupt the economic progress of the Soviet Union, though you are absolutely confident that she would win, if there were this trouble. You believe that any capitalist nation becoming involved in a serious war at the present time will come out of the war a communist nation.

Heading the list of your sympathies among nations comes, of course, Republican Spain, but, curiously enough, you will know nothing officially and very little by rumour, of any Soviet assistance to that Government, though you personally would ask nothing better than to go to Spain to fight for the Republic.

You find it hard to understand why the workers of other countries do not follow your example and revolt, but are convinced that they will when the proper conditions arise.

You have a tremendous admiration for foreign technique, and will readily pay exaggerated prices for foreign-made articles, though that attitude is diminishing as the quality of Soviet manufactured goods rises.

Your general attitude towards almost all foreigners, normally, is one of the greatest cordiality and hospitality——perhaps more so than anywhere else in the world—but at the moment your attitude is strongly coloured by an intensive newspaper campaign about espionage and you are prone to view almost any foreigner with definite suspicion.

You are extremely patriotic and if called up for army service will probably be rather pleased on the whole. You know that it will not represent time lost out of your life, for you will receive valuable schooling which will considerably raise your qualifications. Your old employers are obliged by law to take you back when you leave the army and, as a peace-time soldier, you will still be closely identified with the social and political life of the country.

On national holidays and other solemn occasions marked by mass demonstrations you will, if you feel like it, rise very early, go to the point of meeting before traffic movement is curtailed, and spend most of the day marching and standing about waiting to march.

If you don't feel like it, you will be a spectator only, or will even stay in bed, for there is no compulsion, implied or direct, to make you march and if you don't, nothing will be said about it later. It is likely, however, that you will march from time to time because there is a lot of fun to be had out of it, and because from time to time you enjoy getting a nearby glimpse of the leaders of party and government.

At work you will find a freedom and self-expression found nowhere else, for there will be frequent meetings, large and small, at which you will constantly have opportunity to say what you like about the activities of the organisation for which you work. All its plans and performance come up for frequent review and your right to suggest, or criticise, does not depend upon your position.

If your ideas are good and you can present them logically and forcefully, you can play as important a part in your organisation as you like.

Recreation is an important element in your life and you are likely to be a better than average chess player, proficient at ski-ing and skating, fond of strenuous hikes, a football enthusiast (soccer), and if you are reasonably young and in good health, more than likely to be an avid parachutist. You are extremely air-minded and will be keen, if possible, to join a flying club.

You read at least one of the central newspapers, *Pravda* or *Izvestia*, from beginning to end, thoughtfully and seriously, and the topics in it will make up a considerable part of your day's conversation. You will find in it no sex, very little of crime, or accidents, very little that is sensational. This seems quite normal to you, however, since years of this have made you more interested in news with political and social significance than in the purely personal and trivial; and you are much better informed about world affairs, taken as a whole, than the average Britisher or American.

You read a great deal, including a few magazines and special publications devoted to your industry or speciality.

You are very fond of Pushkin, who you consider easily ranks with Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe. You also think well of Lermontov and, probably, Tolstoi, but you consider Turgeniev and Dostoievski morbid, unbalanced and untypical of the Russian character.

Mayakovski you regard as already one of the classics, though he has only been dead for a decade. Your knowledge of current Soviet literature is thorough and you will, of course, have your own particular favourites. Among foreign authors, both classical and current, you will have a number of favourites, including perhaps Shakespeare, Dickens, Molière, Zola, O. Henry, Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, John Galsworthy, Thomas Mann, John Dos Passos, and many others.

The theatre also means a great deal to you, and you go as often as you can afford. Museums and art galleries are by no means a dead thing to you and you visit them frequently. You are extremely fond of music and are very likely to play some instrument or other, even if it is only a concertina or guitar.

Even though you have a bathroom, you probably go once a week to the public baths, where you sit as long as possible in the steam-room, beating yourself with laurel branches.

You travel great distances for your holidays—to the Black Sea, the Arctic, Central Asia—which is not difficult, since you receive a full month with pay and travel is relatively cheap.

When you die, your remains will be taken to be cremated after a simple but rather impressive ceremony, followed by relatives and friends, a delegation from the place you worked and a band, if your organisation has one.

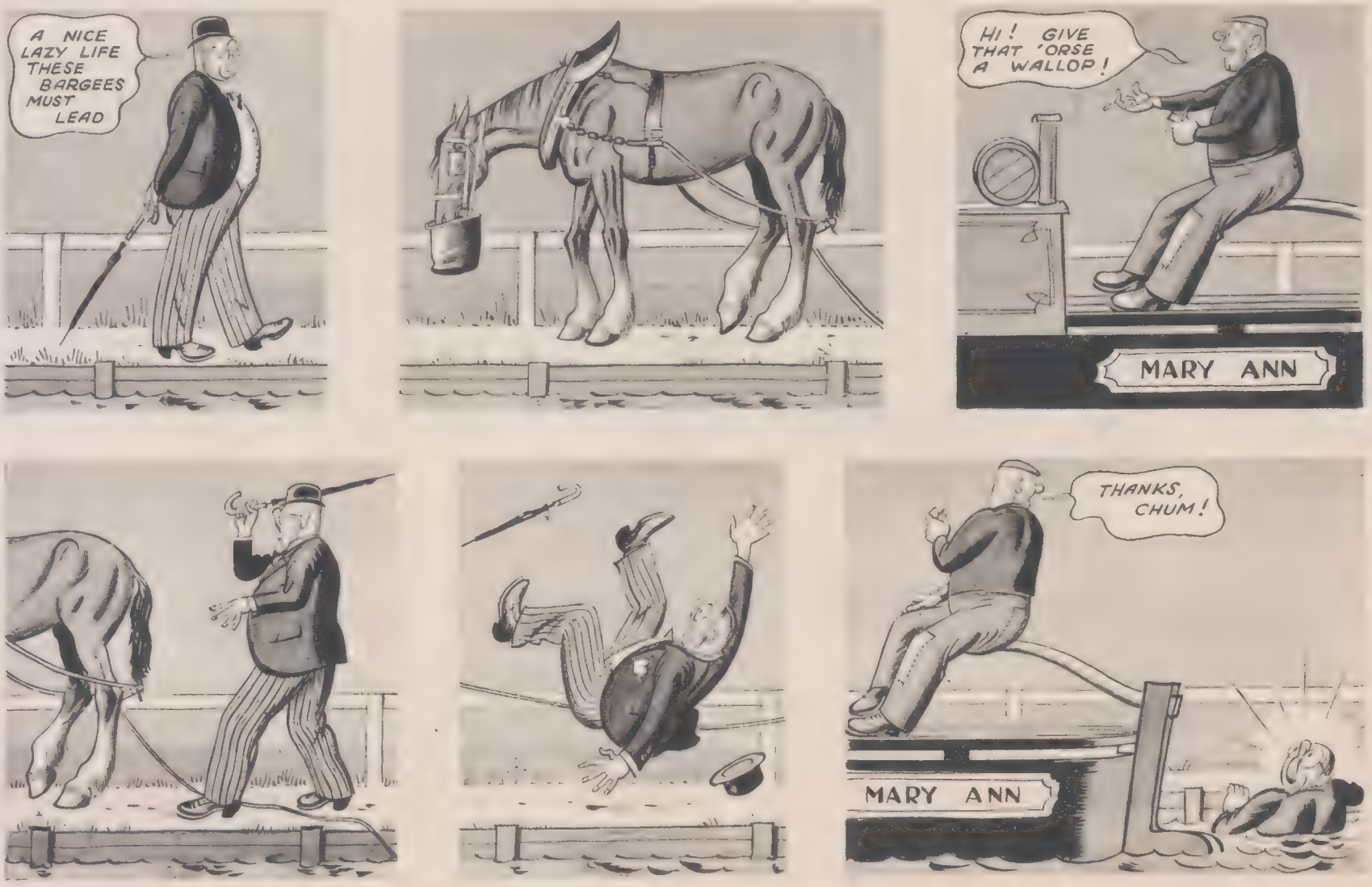
After death, your living quarters remain in the possession of your family, and while the amount of money you may bequeath is limited by law, you do not worry, for you feel that your children will have an even greater opportunity than you had, and a happier life than any others on earth.

That, in a nutshell, is Soviet life. I am aware that many statements are highly controversial, and since there is not room here to discuss or defend them, I can only say that nothing has been included here thoughtlessly, without foundation, or with a conscious desire to influence your opinion of the Soviet experiment.

Lars Moen will describe Moscow's Night life in his next article in this series to appear in the issue of Feb. 12

A MAN ON THE TOWPATH

by A. C. BARRETT



GLOTTY FINDS HIMSELF

Revenge tasted very much like bread and water to the man who tried to put Glotty on the spot

BY DAVID G. JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE BENDALL

A SHELL once came so near to Glotty Davies that its wind blew him, and its noise of travel was the cough of a cow heard where a woman was ripping silk. That was in 1915—just outside Vlamertinghe, where Glotty was resting under one of those three queer hayricks standing at the top end of the twisting street. . . . The shell hit one.

They took lots of driven hay and eighteen pieces of shrapnel out of Glotty: fear took his voice.

Mark you, he could speak in a hoarse kind of whisper and, slowly, make himself understood. But, he had to be absolutely calm to do so much. The slightest excitement, a wave of fear and Glotty made a kicking movement with his right leg; his hands went up to cover his face and, after a gurgling little scream, his voice disappeared for days.

Knowing this, Detective-Sergeant Baineston arrested him in Clevesby Avenue as casually as you or I might stop a passer-by, to ask the way.

"Glotty," murmured Baineston, "you know what I want you for. You've had a good run."

Fattish, baldish, limping, beer-sodden—Glotty glanced sideways at his captor. He sweated behind the neck, but kept his voice. Queerly enough, he liked Baineston.

"Yus, Sarge! All right, me ole cock! It's the luck of the game; don't mind me." Then an angry colour came over him, as he thought of something devilishly odd. . "'Ere, Sarge, 'ow the 'ell didya get t'know I'd be 'ereabahts ternigh'? *Eh*—tell me *that*!"

Detective-Sergeant Baineston nodded to a house that stood back from the road, next but one to this empty villa outside whose garden he had apprehended his man. The third house was his own.

"Almost on my own doorstep, Glotty! How'd I know you'd be idiot enough to be here to-night—that it?"

"*Yus!* Nah 'ow didya find aht that, I wants ter be told——"

"And you know damn' well I won't tell you. Come on, Glotty—but choose your pals better, in future."

Glotty was transformed. From a docile little crook, with a fairly sporting outlook on the vicissitudes of his rat-like life, he became an ugly fury. So violently did he rage that Baineston had to grab him, hold him in an armlock and handcuff him. Glotty's voice disappeared in an instant.

Yet all the while he kicked and plunged and groaned in his efforts to find speech, Baineston could not help noticing that violence was not aimed at himself. Glotty struggled, it seemed, to get at someone or something in the garden of the empty villa. While he foamed in his efforts to articulate words, all was quite definitely directed at that garden.

At last he moaned and despairingly shook his head. He held out his handcuffed wrists and gurgled—tears had come into his eyes. There was something so terribly pathetic in this that Baineston could not resist.

"Right, Glotty; I'll unlock 'em. Only come quietly, there's a sport."

He opened one cuff. Immediately Glotty seized it and, to Baineston's stupefaction, encircled it about a railing and snapped it shut again! He stood, secured there by one wrist, and madly jerked the freed hand backwards. At last he found two words:

"*Lazzy—there!*"

The detective understood. Lazarus Simestein was the "snout" who had informed the police that Glotty Davies intended to do a job down Clevesby Avenue that night. Lazarus Simestein was far more dangerous meat than the fat little Cockney. He was suspected of being a "slasher"—a razor-man. He was also suspected of being a fire-raiser. . . .

"Good enough, Glotty!" snapped Baineston. "I get you! Sorry, old lad. I'll have him out o' that!"

As he clambered over the locked garden gate, Baineston exulted. Apart from his detestation of "informers," he ached to lay hands on Lazarus Simestein. Twice, previously, he had picked up this particularly filthy and oily rogue. Twice he had seen Simestein sent down for long terms of imprisonment . . . and, both times, Lazzy Simestein had sworn what he would do, some day. Well, Baineston decided, now he was going to have a third opportunity of spitting revenge—"on enclosed premises, with intent" ought to be good enough to hold him.

He pulled at the cuff and the railing. No, he could not get free, neither could he rouse the neighbourhood with his voice

Chained to the railings, Glotty Davies comforted himself; that double-crossing Lazzy would be caught. Looking along the Avenue, he waited, expectantly, for two figures returning.

Instead, behind Detective-Sergeant Baineston's drawing-room window—then, swiftly, behind that of the dining-room—Glotty saw glares of fire go up. For one second he wondered, then he knew as much as he could have done, had Simestein told him . . . Lazzy had planned devilishly well. He had "snouted" in order to get Baineston out of the way with an arrest on his hands; then he had fired the detective's house.

Lazzy was getting his revenge. . . . Glotty Davies prayed that no one was in bed there . . . and gurgled in sheer agony, not being able to shout and raise an alarm. He pulled at the cuff and the railing. No, he could not get free, neither could he rouse the neighbourhood with his voice.

Glass burst outwards and a door banged. Into the detective's front garden stumbled a woman in a night-dress—Mrs. Baineston—beating out flames. She screamed and rolled about. Dogs began to bark and windows were thrown up all around. At least the alarm was given, now.

Glotty saw something else. At a window next to that of the bathroom, was a little girl. Even here Glotty could hear her cries . . . but the mother cried no more. Somewhere among those bushes she had fainted with shock and pain. Glotty went mad.

He tore at the cuff. He shook the railing—and began to curse aloud. His fiery oaths were as clear as any he had uttered in France, under fire, more than twenty years ago.

Then he thanked God, for two things: his voice, and the decency of the detective in not snapping that handcuff's circlet down to its smallest circumference. He had let the steel ring hold Glotty "easy." Now Glotty put a thumb on his palm, clustered his fingers together, closed his eyes and pulled. There was an awful dragging pain, but he was free.

Far away he heard the gongs of fire-engines. Someone had had the sense to telephone. But none had the guts to attempt a rescue of that poor kid. They were shouting for ladders—ropes—anything

Glotty ran in among them, smashing at them, men and women alike, with his undamaged fist. He had to get through. *The fools*; the prancing, dancing, pretty-voiced, hand-wringing fools . . . he had to get through! Glotty got through.

The fall-pipes were not difficult for him; he could climb like a cat. But the nursery-window was fully four feet from that of the bathroom. He got to its sill by a wild jump that made the people down below start moaning. Glotty butted out the glass.

Oh, she was so tiny, this child of Baineston's. Lord, she weighed nothing! He hadn't dreamed how light a kiddy of four could be. He grumbled something, tucked her under his arm and nipped across the burning landing, into the bathroom.

At the bottom they gave him first-aid, not so much for burns, as for a right hand stripped of flesh along its back and hanging like a downdrawn red glove.

Baineston got Lazzy. He went to the hospital to tell Glotty that much.

"Got him for seven years, I hope," the detective muttered. "But—but what am I to say to you, old-timer? *God*, man, you—you must ha' gone through hell, for . . . *my* bairn."

"Shurrup, Sarge!" crowed Glotty, reaching for a cigarette. "Ain't I more'n paid? Not 'arf I am—ain't I got me voice back?"

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM

Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find to their joy, that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

If you are racked with pain and crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis or gout, it is due to excess uric acid in your system. Correct this by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' daily. It is the ideal antacid for regular use. It will alkalize and sweeten your system. It will rid you of harmful uric acid and, by thus removing the cause of the pain, will quickly relieve your aching muscles and joints.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Send For BIG **FREE CATALOGUE!**

SMALLER SHEDS from 25/-

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED FROM 3/4 MONTHLY

Design S.S. For storing Tools, Garden & Household Implements, Cycles, Prams, Toys, etc. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floors extra.)	Long	Wide	High	Cash	or monthly
	6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£1 15 6	3/4
	7 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	£2 19 0	5/5
	10 ft.	7 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 0 0	7/4
	12 ft.	8 ft.	7 ft.	£5 10 0	10/1

Send for Free Catalogue. Sheds 25/-, Garages 75/-, Greenhouses 57/6, Aviaries 43/-, Workshops £4, Garden Houses 42/6, Poultry Cabins 28/-, etc. Carriage Paid

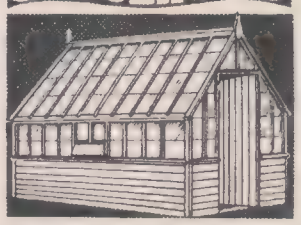
SUTCLIFFE'S GARAGES from 6/11 MONTHLY

Design RV. Strong, sectional Timber-built Garages easily erected. Lowest prices & best value. Delivered carriage paid, cash or monthly payments. Glass & roofing felt supplied. Floor extra. Steel Framed Garages *from* £8 10s. 9d.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or monthly
11 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	£6 1 0	11/2
13 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	£6 12 0	12/2
14 ft.	8 ft.	8 ft.	£7 15 0	14/3
16 ft.	8 ft.	8½ ft.	£9 9 0	17/4

Send for Big Free Catalogue. Garages 75/-, Asbestos Garages £5 5s. Kennels 27/-, Aviaries 43/-, Poultry Cabins 28/-, Bungalows £22 5s, etc.

SUTCLIFFE'S GREENHOUSE DESIGN J.H. From 5/5 MONTHLY



Built in 6 sections plus staging for both sides. Simple to erect. Mortise & tenon joints. Weather-board base. Best Horticultural glass supplied. Also paint for one coat after erection. Send for free Greenhouse Catalogue.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 Payments
7 ft.	5 ft. 6½ ft.	£2 17 6	5/5
9 ft.	6 ft. 7 ft.	£3 17 6	7/2
10 ft.	7 ft. 7½ ft.	£4 17 6	9/0
12 ft.	8 ft. 8 ft.	£6 10 0	11/11

Sheds from 25/- Garages 75/-, Pavilions £5 1s., Poultry Houses 28/-, Aviaries 43/-, Army Huts £9 12s., Bungalows £22 5s., etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 64 Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
Tel. 217 London Showrooms: 40-42 Oxford Street, W.1.

Concluding

10 TEACUPS

BY CARTER DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

A figure in a long raincoat walked in so quickly, so quietly, so much without fuss or effort that the man was halfway across the room before they were aware of his presence. Pollard saw water drip from a sodden hat and from a light raincoat; there was a whirl of water from the newcomer, like a dog shaking itself, as he reached across the table and picked up the double-edged knife.

Whether he meant to use it on the woman, or on himself, none of them knew. It is possible that he did not know himself. Even as his hand shot across the table to take it, Pollard lifted the steel puzzle-jug and brought it down on his right wrist. Then Masters had the newcomer from one side and Pollard from the other; but force was not necessary.

The murderer of Vance Keating, breathing hard, looked about with hot, puzzled, miserable eyes. He looked at the woman, who regarded him levelly; and then he gave H. M. a bitter nod.

"All right. You win," said Ronald Gardner.

On Sunday evening, in long clear light when there was a touch of coolness in the air, four men drove up to number 4, Berwick Terrace, in H. M.'s Lanchester. They were H. M. himself, Masters, Pollard and Benjamin Soar. They had the air of men going to a conference. They went up to the top of the house, to the little attic room where the furniture remained and not even the position of the teacups had been altered on the table.

Masters sat down at this table, spreading out his papers. Pollard stood against the wall with his notebook. While Soar prowled restlessly, H. M. leaned back against the wall behind the divan, settled himself with no small amount of cursing, and puffed solace from a particularly vile cigar.

"If you people will just stop movin' about- — !" H. M. roared, querulously.

"Gents, there's one fortunate thing about this case; and it's time we got a fortunate one. It's unrolled itself, so to speak. We got a problem and not long afterwards we got the answer to that problem; we got another problem, and the answer, and so on through a whole series of happenings. So now, *you'd* say, there remains only to tell you how and why Gardner worked his various vanishin' tricks and we can close the book.

"But there's much, much more than that, even when you can see the mechanism work; it's a question of adjusting the nice proportion of guilt, and no slide-rule will ever work as far as that. You know the solid facts. Ronald Gardner killed Keating and Bartlett; he killed 'em alone and unaided, as far as the mechanics of murder went; and his roarin' fire of inspiration was Mrs. Janet Derwent. He didn't do it for money; he did it for Mrs. Derwent. But there's the trouble; just how much did that clever lady know? How far was she entangled in it? How far did she set him on? And how much, when that ingenious pair come up for trial, are you goin' to be able to prove against her?"

"Never mind the motive, sir," interposed Masters, shaking his head. "Let's hear about the mechanics."

"Never mind the mechanics," said Soar. "Let's hear about the motive."

"And since all the rubbish is cleared out of the way except them two things," said H. M., annoyed at the interruption, "I'm goin' to take you step by step through the formin' of the picture, with points from your own observation or from Bob's notebook, and show you how it appeared to me.

"I can begin by admitting that, up to the time I heard a certain statement from Bartlett, the old man was completely fooled. Burn me, I didn't even realise how many pieces of the truth I had, when an irrelevancy came blazin' in; and I groaned. Now, what was the situation as we first had it?

"We had Berwick Terrace—a narrow street just twenty yards, or sixty foot, broad. It has four houses on each side of the street; built together; each exactly alike, looking like one house except for the area rails. The windows and doors of the house across the street, where Hollis of L. Division was watching, face the windows and doors of this one. Uh-huh. *If* it could be shown that the two shots that killed Keating had been fired from some distance away (say only sixty feet away, from the attic window of the house opposite correspondin' with this,) we shouldn't have had any such stiff problem—as Masters himself said."

"You're not going to tell us they were?" demanded Masters.

"Oh, no; just you wait a minute. We're only sittin' and thinkin' about the evidence. As I say, in such a case it'd have been remarkably easy; particularly considerin' the size of the window in this room." He pointed. "You've been told the dimensions of that window—four feet by five and a half, which is a whale of a big 'un, notably in its width.

"But we were certain from the medical evidence that this couldn't have happened. The wound in Keating's back, for instance, was actually smokin' and showin' sparks on the cloth when Bob Pollard charged in there. It's true the first shot sounded a bit muffled and far away; but the second blasted so loud and close that there was no doubt about its bein' fired in there; and the powder-burns on the back of Keating's head showed that both bullets must have been fired close against him.

"So I was gropin' blind, even next day when a very rummy fact popped up. You brought it up, Masters, with your sinister talk about guns in gas-pipes. You mentioned that there was—of all things—a powder-burn on the carpet close up against where Keating had been lying. Powder-burn on the carpet! How did it get there? How could it have got there, if in both cases the gun had been held against Keating? I didn't know. I only kept sittin' and thinkin' without result . . .

"Swift on the heels of that messenger, we got from Gardner himself (who had to tell the truth about things that could be proved) a few truths about the old Remington .45 belonging to Tom Shannon. That gun was a hair-trigger. In Gardner's own incautious words, she was an old-style model, before the common use of safety devices, and she 'went off if you looked crooked at her.' It occurred to me then that you could get a bad powder-burn *on the carpet* if you dropped a cocked gun on the floor and she exploded as she hit the floor sideways; but that wasn't helpful, because there were two shots, and because the gun had to be cocked deliberately, and because the carpet was so thick that it wouldn't give a sufficient jar.

"I had got so far in my blindness when —well, gents, that tore it. I questioned Bartlett about the activities of Keating and Gardner on Monday night; and Bartlett, for no apparent reason under heaven, *told a deliberate, flat, spankin' lie*.

"I couldn't quite understand, because, mind you, I wasn't at all suspicious of Gardner, or even of Bartlett. The tale about the plannin' of the hoax for the Murder party on Tuesday night; the tale of how Keating got excited and fired a blank cartridge while he and Gardner were rehearsing it; all that sounded quite reasonable. More to clarify the details than from any suspicion, Bartlett was asked about the firin' of that blank cartridge. Now just read me what he said."

Under H. M.'s sardonic eye, Pollard opened his notebook.

Q (*by Masters*):—finally, you tell us that when Mr. Keating's arm hit the lamp-standard, the gun went off and the wadding from the blank cartridge broke the glass on the tray you were carrying?

A: Yes. It hit the glass not an inch above my hand. That was why I dropped the tray.

Bartlett had just got the side door open when the knife was thrown—thrown from up on the wall. It's seldom dark enough but what you can see a man's outline

Q: How far was Mr. Keating away from you then?

A: About as far as I am from you now. (Six feet? Seven feet?)

Masters frowned. "Yes, but . . . what's wrong with it?" the chief inspector asked. "There *is* wadding in blank cartridges. And it is fired with pretty terrific force; enough force to smash a glass on a tray."

H. M.'s face had an evil mirth.

"Oh, sure, son. Sure; and that's not all it has. That's the trouble. Masters. Were you ever human enough to enjoy amateur theatricals? The most dangerous thing in the world to give a group of amateurs on a small stage (and sometimes professionals on a big stage) is a gun loaded with blanks. If they get excited, they play the devil with it. A professional actor who's got to fire one on the stage learns one painful truth; that pistol has to be pointed either at the floor, or in a direction where there's nobody in front. Why? Because there's not only wadding in the cartridge: there's a heavy charge of coarse-grained powder. One of the nastiest things I ever saw in a peace-lovin' English community occurred when a nephew of mine (the one with the feet) got his crowd of amateurs playin' a gangster melodrama at Christmas. Wow! The villain got excited and pointed the gun at the heroine. She got scared, and turned her back, and this fathead pulled the trigger. She was wearin' a low-cut evenin' dress. Mind you, she was ten feet and more away from him, yet the powder-grains so slashed and tore her back that the poor gal spent a week in bed.

"Now Bartlett, by his own confession, says he was standin' only six or seven feet from Keating when Keating fired. In fact, he says the wadding took the glass out of his hand. Masters, he lied. If that wadding had come anywhere near his hand, close enough to hit a glass, his hand would have been in bandages now. But you noticed the smooth, large, white surface of those completely untouched hands.

"That was a staggerer. WHY should he lie? And right away my mind started turnin' over the strange confusion that seems to date from that innocent Murder rehearsal on Monday night. Certain facts can't be disputed, because they are confirmed by too many witnesses. We knew that there really was an honest-to-God rehearsal of a trick for a Murder game on Tuesday (from Bartlett, *confirmed* by Hawkins, the waiter; from Gardner, *confirmed* by the mistaken testimony of Philip Keating.) We knew that there really wasn't any quarrel between Vance Keating and Gardner (from the independent testimony of the waiter, *confirmed* by Vance Keating himself, when speakin' to Derwent and Frances Gale next day.) We know that a shot was fired, as confirmed by everybody.

"But that's all we know. How many people actually saw what happened, and saw the shot fired? Philip Keating didn't, as he admitted. (By the way, that was the first question which Gardner—rather rummily, I thought—asked Philip: 'Did you see anything'?) The waiter didn't, because he appeared in the door to the dining-room only after the shot. They could all hear. But the only ones in a position to see were Vance Keating (now dead,) Bartlett (who lied about being hit by the blank shot,) and Gardner (who prepared and arranged this lie.) Still, somebody fired a shot, and right away we see . . . well, we see that from this time onwards begins to date Vance Keating's weird behaviour.

"What did he do? Did he leave his flat next day? No; he never poked his nose out. The only person he saw (aside from Bartlett) was Derwent. It's a curious thing, my lads—but when Derwent saw him, Keating had a wet towel round his head. It's a curious thing—but, as the day wore on, Keating decided not to go out at all to the Murder party, to which he'd been lookin' forward so much. It's a curious thing—but next day, when at last he did go out on a summons from the Ten Teacups, he only went out wearin' a hat several sizes too large for him. Which came down over his ears and concealed the back of his head."

"You mean——" said Masters.

"The hat, my son," declared H. M., nodding violently. "The hat is the startin' point and the finishin' point of this case. It should have given me my first lead. It should have been the ordinary common-sense point which gave a shove to our wits. Why does Vance Keating, a fastidious feller, of much vanity and conceit, choose to walk about in a hat ridiculously too large for him? It ain't

(*please turn over*)

The man who invented printing invented eyestrain. Watch the eyes of anyone deep in a book. Forwards and backwards, from left to right, line after line, often hour after hour. Watch when at last they glance up. How hard they find it to focus the rest of the room. The eye muscles are tired and stiff, like your legs when you've been stooping. Soon, they won't keep open, though there's only one more chapter!

Now listen. Next time you've been reading late—or sitting over fine needlework—try bathing your eyes with Optrex before going to bed. Have some Optrex on the bathroom shelf in readiness. See how a cool Optrex eye bath takes away the feeling of strain. And how your eyes open to-morrow clear, free from heaviness, their bright best.

Do this every night and morning—quite regularly as you clean your teeth—and you protect and prolong good sight. Train children to use Optrex, right from infancy.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex
BRAND
EYE LOTION

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath): Triple size 3/6 (without eye bath). For interesting booklet "Sight—the Master Sense," full of vital information, write to Dept. P.S. 55, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Rd., London, N.W.2.

The 7-STONE Weakling...

who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove in the First 7 Days that YOU Can Be this NEW MAN"

—Charles Atlas

WHEN I say I can make you into a man of giant-power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system of body development, *Dynamic-Tension*, transform hundreds of weaker, punier men than you into Atlas Champions.

Take myself, for instance! I used to weigh only 7 stones. I was a sickly weakling. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that won me the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." It'll work just as big a change in you, too! I'm so sure of it that I make you this amazing offer: At my own risk I'll give you PROOF in even the first 7 days that I can make you into this NEW MAN. I'll begin training you *on Approval*. If you don't notice a marvellous change in yourself *within a week* you don't owe me a penny.

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Give me just seven days! I'll PROVE to you that I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Dynamic-Tension is an entirely NATURAL method. No mechanical apparatus to strain your heart and other vital organs. No pills, special foods or other unnatural, artificial apparatus. Only a few minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! *Dynamic-Tension does the work!*

NOTE: No other Physical instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

AMAZING RESULTS IN ONE WEEK

"Here are the increases at the end of ONE week: Arm relaxed ½ in. more—forearm ½ in. chest, normal, 3 ins. weight 5 pounds gained I feel healthier, stronger and more vital. I did not think that any course could do for me in a month what your course has done in only one week and when I go out for a walk with my chest out and shoulders back my friends look at me with admiration. I owe it all to you."

-L. R. V.

48-Page Book FREE

Post the coupon right now for full details of "7-day Trial offer," and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic-Tension*" method. Shows actual photographs of men I've made into Atlas champions. Supplies the facts you need to know about *your* condition. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy *to-day*. Post the coupon at once to Charles Atlas, Dept. 14/A, 40 Chandos St., London, W.C.2.

CHARLES ATLAS Dept. 14/A, 40 Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic-Tension*" will make me a New Man. Send me your FREE book "*Everlasting Health and Strength*," and details of "7-day trial offer." This request places me under no obligation.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

.....

sense. Granted that he's in the habit of borrowing things. But he's deliberately taken the one thing in the world that nobody borrows—a hat that doesn't fit. Now, suppose two young fellers share digs together; they'll borrow. If they're anything like friends, they'll use each other's razor-blades and each other's toothpaste; they'll take a shirt here and there and they'll pinch each other's neckties to a point of grand larceny; but can you conceive of anyone strolling out in a hat that flattens out the ears?

"This wasn't even a hat belonging to Philip; it was nobody's hat; it was one specially procured, with Philip's name inside it to explain the incongruity if anyone should question Vance. Why does he want that hat? To conceal the back of his head. But why not take one of Philip's? Because Philip wears only bowlers, and this had to be a soft hat . . .

"Well, gents, with all this pilin' up, I began to see a vision of a Christmas party at my place, where a girl's back was so badly slashed and burned by a blank cartridge. I also saw a vision of what might have happened at Vance Keating's flat on Monday night. Just suppose (until we get more evidence,) suppose *Gardner* fired that blank shot about which both Gardner and Bartlett lied? They're handlin' the gun between them. Gardner lifts the hair-trigger pistol . . . either accidentally, or jokingly, or with deadly intention Keating doesn't understand . . . and presents it. And Keating flinches. He flinches: just consider that. We've heard he was secretly afraid of firearms, though he, the swash-buckling adventurer, would have died rather than admit it. He flinches like a schoolgirl before his friend and his valet. He turns away, with a kind of yell; and Gardner's finger, either accidentally or deliberately, jars the trigger. Hence the valet's shout, heard by everybody: 'For God's sake, sir, look out!' and the valet's dropping the tray of glasses when the pistol explodes . . . not ten, or seven, or six feet away, but within a short distance of the back of Keating's head. Powder-burns? It would burn that head like blazes.

"Y'know—Gardner presented to us a jovial, intelligent and imaginative face. Yes. But I'm wonderin' what his face looked like when he pressed that trigger.

"What happened then? Well, I was sittin' and thinkin', and I thought to myself: Here! There's one notion that'll be scorched in Keating's mind like his scorched head; the fact that he funked the sight of a pistol shoved at his head and everybody saw it. So when Gardner says, hurriedly—you remember, he said something so low that Philip couldn't hear it out in the hall—'good Lord, sorry, accident; here, it's your flat; take this gun, or I shall get into trouble,' then Vance takes the gun.

"That was what Philip saw when he peeped briefly round the edge of the door. It was all he saw; because, as he said, Vance was facing him and the room was very dimly lighted. But you'll note that Vance looked *scared*. It was all the waiter saw, because he was shooed out.

"Now Vance Keating, when he came to think it over, was in a position that made him wild; a comic position, a ludicrous position, the sort of position he hated. For the next night an elaborate Murder party had been arranged, at which he had been goin' to act as detective. It isn't merely that he stands with his hair singed and burnt and powder-freckled, with an amusin' lump made by the wadding, to show to his fiancée and his prospective mistress, though that's bad enough for a feller of his vanity. But now, if he shows up at that Murder party and tells a story of how he heroically got popped in the back of the head with a blank cartridge, it will be plain to the dullest wits that he was cookin' up some flummery with Gardner so that he could be the hero of the Murder party and he'll look twice as big a fool.

"He hoped they might be able to smooth out the burns and the mess so that he could appear on Tuesday night. When he saw Derwent on Tuesday with a wet towel round his head, he still hoped so. But he couldn't; the burn was worse than they'd thought. He raved; but there was nothin' to be done. And that, gents, is why Vance Keating didn't attend the Murder party on Tuesday night.

"There was only one thing that would draw him out, one summons he would obey; a summons from the Ten Teacups. He would have gone to that, to get his revenge on Mrs. Derwent, if he had to go on crutches. And the murderer was now ready to send a Teacup summons. . . . For here was Vance with a ragged black burn in the back of his skull. And in the attic room of the opposite house stood the murderer, with Tom Shannon's gun and soft-nose expanding bullets that'd make rather a mess of that skull. Let Vance stand with his back to a window four feet by five and a half. Let the murderer drill him through the back of the head with one of those expanding bullets. And no doctor would afterwards have reason to suspect, since both burns and bullet came from the same pistol, that his head was not burned at the same time the bullet tore open his head."

H. M. paused with sour irony, peering around the group. Masters swore softly, and strode to the window.

"So that, sir," Pollard suggested, "was why I—standing outside the door here—heard the first shot as muffled and far away, and the second blazing straight out behind the door?"

"Stop a bit," urged Masters. "If that's true, what about the second shot, the one that broke his spine? It's absolutely certain the second shot was fired in here; the back of the coat was still burning from it when Bob came in. And the pistol was found in here!"

H. M. nodded.

"Sure. But don't you see it yet, Masters? Yes, the first shot was fired from across the street; the hilarious part of it being that it was actually fired from the attic floor of the house in which Hollis and you, Masters, stood watchin' this very window. Of course, it didn't sound any louder to you, because four of these solid thick-built floors were between you and a bullet fired into the open air. You were watchin' the window of this room. Your whole hearts and eyes and souls and ears were fixed and glued here. If somethin' happened, you expected it to happen here. When you heard a shot in this general direction, you all naturally assumed it came from here. There was a brief silence and then a second explosion

My Malaga Adventure

SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL, 73-year-old biologist, who gained fame as "the man who kept the flag flying at Malaga, Spain," until he was arrested and held prisoner by Franco's men, is to describe his days of anguish in the Revolution for THE PASSING SHOW.

For a long time he remained silent, for he was told that the lives of many Government supporters depended on his not speaking. He was on parole.

At last he is allowed to speak and the story he tells is one of suffering, of bravery, of loyalty, of laughter and ingratitude in a city torn by gunfire and shattered by bombs. Begin "My Malaga Adventure" next week.

that actually and beyond any doubt did come from in here. . . .

* Here may be mentioned a point which did not develop until the trial; that Gardner had entered the empty house across the street by the back door, the same way as Hollis had entered, while Hollis and Masters were at the front. For Keating to be standing with his back to the open window was a part of the rigid 'instructions' he had received from the "Teacups."

"I got a pretty sharp picture about that first shot, son. I can see Keating standin' with his back to the window. I can see the murderer raisin' the pistol. And then—what? Remember, Keating screamed just a fraction of a second before he was shot, so how did he see what was goin' to happen to him? Well, you may recollect that he was turnin' over a cigarette-case in his fingers, wonderin' whether he dared smoke in the shrine of the teacups. You may also recollect that it was a polished silver case as bright as a mirror. On one occasion, y'know, Keating handed that case to Frances Gale to use as a mirror. He lifts it—and reflected in the mirror, reflected over his shoulder, is a certain window across the street. He sees the murderer's gun, the last thing he ever does see in this life. He pitched across the table, smashing two teacups on a slightly different side of the clock-dial. He pulls the tablecloth a bit, rolls off, and lands on his left-hand side. . . .

"Then there's the second explosion. You notice, Masters, I don't say shot: I say explosion. In doin' so I call your attention to four very revealin' facts:

"1. When Bob Pollard broke into the room, he found Keating lyin' at full length on his left-hand side, with his back towards the window.

"2. The .45 revolver lay on the floor close to Keating at his left-hand side.

"3. The wound in the back, according to the medical evidence, is a bit astonishin'. Instead of going in fairly straight, the bullet's entered between the third and fourth lumbar vertebræ, low down, and taken a very steep oblique upward slant through the body.

"4. Near the body, on the left-hand side, there is that rummy powder-burn on the carpet we were considerin' a while ago.

"How did that burn get there? I was askin' myself that. Now, if somebody had dropped the pistol on the carpet beside Keating, with its muzzle pointin' towards his body and if in that position the revolver had exploded—well, you'd have had a wound, a position of the gun, a burn on the carpet, exactly correspondin'. But the carpet was too soft to jar the trigger. You'd have had an explosion like that only, d'ye see, if the revolver had been—hey?"

"*Thrown*," said Soar.

Soar took a step forward and his face assumed an expression of cynicism.

"Yes, I see it now," he agreed. "The murderer wasn't definitely trying to hit Keating in a certain place with a second shot. He was trying to do two things, Sir Henry. First, he wanted to throw the weapon across into the room, so that it should be found there and show Keating was actually shot in here. Second, there was Keating's body stretched out like a target with its back to him just beyond a window five and a half feet wide. The murderer knew that if he threw the gun, cocked, through the window, he could at least make it land somewhere close to the place where Keating lay. With luck, he could put another bullet into Keating. But in any event the pistol would explode, to produce another shot, any sort of shot, that would show both bullets were fired in this room."

"Here, I say!" protested Masters. "How could that be? Wouldn't Hollis and I have seen the gun when he threw it?"

"No, my lad, you wouldn't," said H. M., with ghoulish relish. "You'd have seen if anybody climbed in or out that window. But you wouldn't have seen a dark-metal gun, on a dark-metal day, thrown forty feet up over your heads by a first-class cricketer who was bowlin' much the same length as an ordinary cricket pitch. . . . You wouldn't have seen it, Masters, because you hadn't bothered to clean the window."

"To do what?"

H. M. glanced at Pollard. "Looky here, son. When you got to Berwick Terrace on Wednesday afternoon, you were hailed by Sergeant Hollis, who was watchin' number 4 from the house across the street. Hey? Right. Well, when Hollis spoke to you from where he was watchin' could you see him? No? And why? Because the window was too thick with dust. Masters, what chance had you to see that dark flyin' speck forty feet up, then, if a man smack outside the window couldn't see a man smack inside? I'm sorry. It's painfully, heart-breakin'ly simple when you know the secret. You even saw the gun was light enough to throw easily. And it was all a compact little plan evolved by the murderer."

There was an odd silence, after which Soar spoke thoughtfully.

"The murderer," said Soar. "Ronald Gardner."

"It don't surprise you much, does it?" asked H. M., in the same tone, so quietly that Soar gave him a sharp glance.

"You are the seer of secrets," Soar told him, with a certain dryness. "No, it does not surprise me. I perceive that your sittin' and thinkin' proceeds along very sensible lines. Mine, I regret to say, doesn't. I say it does not surprise me; and I should have been certain if I hadn't been somewhat thrown off by my doubts about Derwent. I've believed for some time that Gardner was Mrs. Derwent's lover. There was a kind of—of affinity between them; will you understand that it isn't merely Celtic imagination when I say that? You were looking for the Man in the Case, I think. They have the same sort of slow, heavy good looks. They have the same love of the bizarre and the florid; you know Mrs. Derwent, and you may have read Gardner's exotic travel-book. I tried to give you some hint of this."

"Oh-ho? That wasn't the reason, was it, for your sharp brush with Gardner over the subject of Frances Gale? I thought you flared out a bit oddly, son."

"No; that was unpremeditated, though." Soar spoke still more thoughtfully. "My real ideas were stirring under it, I suppose. No, I meant the hints I tried to convey about a dangerous associate hanging close to her. And, more particularly, an odd bit of information I found useful in hoaxing you about the Ten Teacups. You may recall the elaborate secret society I conjured up; and I said that the practice of drinking tea laced with opium out of old-fashioned cups and done as a secret rite, was to be found mentioned by Gardner in his book. So it is—mentioned as a fact. But I, who had very good reason to know the whole business was rank fraud, knew that Gardner lied."

Masters whistled. "Look here, sir! You don't mean he deliberately shoved a lie into a book that was supposed to be true, so that later, when it seemed to come true in London, there'd be confirmation?

"That shows a long degree of premeditation," Masters said. "You think they were concerned in the murder with equal deepness, then, Gardner and Mrs. Derwent? I mean, she knew all about it even if it was Gardner alone who managed the mechanics?"

"I'm quite certain of it, son," returned H. M., chewing his cigar, "and if you'll just stop interruptin' me I'll show you why. Why, to begin with, do you think she had that rounded, smackin' alibi of the aunts and the hired limousine?—*prepared for two weeks in advance, as Derwent told us.* That's premeditation, for a fiver. Next, it was pretty plain that no HOAX concerning the teacups could have been put across Keating without her knowledge. Think a moment! If there'd really been a society of cups and she really had been a member, it was possible Keating might have been inveigled into a trap without her knowledge. But, since the society was a myth, she had to know. Why was Keating so certain she would meet him at 4 Berwick Terrace? Why was he certain she was a member? Suppose all this had been done without her knowledge, and Keating had let slip a hint or a word to her? Wouldn't Keating have found out?—unless she confirmed his belief? I'm inclined to think so. Finally, she pinched that pistol off the mantelpiece at her own house, while she was supposed to be upstairs with a headache.

"You want to know why she had a headache? Because you gave it to her, Soar, intentionally or unintentionally. You came across her in the dark, just after the gold shawl had been sent to her, and you whispered: 'You have a friend who sent you a fine gift this afternoon. How long have you been accepting

(*please turn over*)

FIVE SPLENDID VOLUMES OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

(Above) The late stage of weaning. The care of baby is a very important section of this work.

(Right) One of many exercises given for the promotion of health and beauty.

THE NEW PEOPLE'S PHYSICIAN

Written by Medical Experts and Edited by DOUGLAS HAY SCOTT, M.B., CH.B.

THIS authoritative work, informed with the latest scientific knowledge and practice, is the most up-to-date, thorough, practical, and "popular" work of its kind; an invaluable source of guidance in time of illness or accident. By consulting these pages all groundless fears will be allayed; you are shown how to recognise various diseases in their earliest stages; when to call in a doctor; how to treat minor ailments at home.

You are shown how to keep the body in a fit state to resist or overcome disease; how to keep young in mind and body and lengthen your span of life.

A Book Essential to Married Happiness. It deals frankly and fully with Sex and Psychology and the Facts of Life

The vital problems of sex and psychology are dealt with frankly and fully by an eminent sexologist. Sex plays a tremendous part in both mental and physical health, and ignorance on the subject is dangerous, often leading to ill-health and unhappiness. That is why THE NEW PEOPLE'S PHYSICIAN has given due prominence to it. The reader is taught the hygiene of sex; how to solve personal problems; how to lead a full and happy married life; various methods of birth control, etc. There are many chapters on pregnancy, labour, the diseases and disorders of women, and the causes of sterility.

(Above) A small low-price refrigerator. This work tells you all about food preservation, scientific cookery, invalid diet, household management, etc.

(Right) Muscular rheumatism, or fibrositis, may occur in any muscle, but is more frequent in the places marked here than elsewhere. (One of the hundreds of photographs of the human body.)

A NEW WORK WITH A NEW PURPOSE

First Aid: Home Nursing: Maintenance of Health: Prevention of Disease: Symptoms of Disease: Treatment of Disease: Mental Health and Hygiene: Wifehood: Motherhood: Care of Children: Happy Marriage: Sex Hygiene: Birth Control: Diseases of Women: Problems of Psychology: Anatomy: Physiology: Professional Nursing: Beauty Culture: Exercise: Diet: Scientific Cookery: Home Management: First-Aid in Gas Attacks: Etc., etc.

2,500 Illustrations - 22 Colour Plates

Two Fully Coloured Anatomical Models (one Male, one Female) showing every Bone, Organ, Muscle, and Nerve in the Body

Illustration shows the five handsome volumes, greatly reduced.

Send Today for FREE Booklet

We shall be pleased to send you FREE of all charge an instructive illustrated booklet giving full details of this invaluable work. Fill in and post the coupon below without delay.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK Co., Ltd., 96-97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE Illustrated Booklet describing the five volumes of THE NEW PEOPLE'S PHYSICIAN, as ready for immediate delivery on payment of a first subscription of 4/- only.

Name.....

Address.....

P.S.20.....

Rub away Sore Throat Pain

Relief comes fast when you rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest and cover with warm flannel. It acts direct through the skin and, at the same time, releases medicated vapours that you breathe in for hours direct to the irritated membranes. Working in these two ways, this famous cold-remedy soothes inflammation and pain, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing. By morning you feel like a new person

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Enjoy a real SUN TAN all the year round

"HEALTH RAY"

ULTRA-VIOLET OR INFRA-RED

(It takes less than one minute to change)

Ultra-Violet rays will give you a wonderful TAN and increase your vigour and vitality. Infra-Red rays banish without drugs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Skin eruptions, Nervous illnesses, etc.

Made for home use. As safe and easy to use as electric light. Fully guaranteed. World's largest sale.

PRICE 55/- COMPLETE

Write for details of free trial offer. Obtainable only from

HEALTH RAY CO. (Dept. P.S.9)

Havelock Chambers, Southampton

3 YEARS SUFFERING with GASTRIC ULCER

To-day a happy man

Think of it. Three dragging years of daily torture! "Goodness knows I have suffered," writes Mr. S. A., of Birmingham, and only those who have themselves borne the agony of gastric ulcer can fully understand what he endured. Here is his letter:

"I feel it my duty to tell you of the wonderful results I had from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I have been suffering from Gastric Ulcer for 3 years and goodness knows I have suffered. I have had four X-rays, and I don't think I have worked one full week in two years. To-day I am one of the happiest men in Birmingham through Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

This is no isolated case. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is doing as much—often in seemingly hopeless cases—all over the country. And if this great remedy can do wonders in serious stomach disorders, what can it not do for your Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity or Flatulence—the *beginning* of serious trouble? Get a bottle at once—only, look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is only genuine if this signature appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; or in handy pocket tins of Tablets 9d. Never sold loose.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

AGE LIMITS 15-26, EITHER SEX. EXCELLENT COMMENCING PAY NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

FREE GUIDE and GAZETTE

The 1938 Edition of our Civil Service Handbook is now ready for free distribution. Those desiring details of present and future **Vacancies, Age Limits, Salaries, Promotion and Entrance Examinations** to all Branches of the Service (*Taxes, Customs, Post Office, Clerical, Engineering, L.C.C., Municipal, etc.*), are advised to apply for this enlightening Handbook immediately, together with a copy of the current edition of the **Civil Service Vacancy Gazette**—*both copies free.*

B.T.I. (Dept. 117), 356-366 Oxford St., W.1

★ THE WEDDING GOWN MURDER, a powerful two-part mystery story by Mignon Eberhart, celebrated thriller writer, begins next week

presents from him?' I can kind of see you were in danger at that moment, son. She thought you'd tumbled to her relations with Gardner; a thing her husband hadn't tumbled to and even Keating hadn't tumbled to. It'd have wrecked the game immediately."

"Oh, ah. The gold shawl," said Masters, scowling. "Then Gardner 'phoned and had it sent? And what was the point of the shawl?"

"I can explain that best," continued H. M., "by indicatin' the way in which this ingenious pair went to work on their scheme.

"At every part of the case, these two supported and interlaced each other's testimony. The woman was allowed to have a firm alibi for the time of Keating's murder; but, at the same time, it was to be shown that the man did not and could not have pinched that revolver out of Derwent's house on Tuesday night. Which was just as good as an alibi. But on one point their apparent good sense seemed to go skew-whiff. I mean, my fatheads, that obvious sendin' of the gold cloth to Mrs. Derwent. It's true Gardner had to have some fancy stage-settin', if only to impress Keating. He would scrape up a hundred quid for some furniture in the shrine of the teacups. (By the way, you'll have noticed it was all *light* furniture which one man could handle, and seemed to indicate only one man had set the scene.) But he wanted something elaborate. That's all very well. YOU'LL retort, 'Even if he did want a fancy bit o' work for the table cover, why send it so obviously to Mrs. Derwent?' To tighten her into the plot, gents. To show she was in as deep as he was; a gentle, ugly hint not to try any games; as Gardner was realist enough to know she might.

"Last of all, there's the murder of Bartlett—as workmanlike, calm, and savage a piece of brutality as any in the case."

Soar lifted his shoulders uncomfortably.

"As *I* have good reason to know," he observed. "But that's what I wanted to ask you about. 'I can see how, once you have deduced the way in which the impossible murder trick was worked here, it pointed straight to Gardner and to nobody else. But didn't it pull Bartlett into the plot as well? After all, Bartlett had lied and thrown in his testimony with Gardner's—"

"Yes. And he was murdered before he could retract it." H. M. reflected. "That was the whole scheme; that was why he had to be killed. Naturally, the first thing the old man thought of was that Bartlett and Gardner were in the crooked together. But that was just the trouble; that was the part which wouldn't make sense. Bartlett lied about the firin' of the blank cartridge, yes. He lied about the hat, which he bought himself at Vance Keating's order. But, if he were mixed up in the really fishy business, he did NOT lie about the one crucial point on which he'd have been certain to tell a whopper. *I mean that he and Gardner didn't give each other an alibi.*"

"Eh?" demanded Masters.

"They didn't, you know. Bartlett said Gardner had left Lincoln Mansions on Wednesday afternoon, the afternoon of the murder, at twenty minutes to five; just time enough, with a lot of luck, for Gardner to get out to Berwick Terrace. That was no alibi. And Bartlett had no alibi. If they'd been concerned in it together, you can lay your shirt on the belief that they'd have said they were in each other's company all day. Why not? Gardner could have slipped downstairs in the service lift or by the back stairs; and who'd ever have known he wasn't in the flat with Bartlett? It would have been *ex triplex*, which no amount of batterin' would be able to break in court. At the same time, Bartlett himself would have taken care to have some sort of alibi in case they tried to drag him in afterwards, even if he only talked to a chambermaid or the liftman. But he didn't; he stayed alone in that flat.

"No, son. Bartlett was lyin' because he'd already lied accordin' to Keating's order, while Keating was alive, about that burnt head. In the first place he had to stick to his story, which he'd already told all over the place and which might sound very fishy to future employers (to say nothin' of the police) if he altered it now. In the second place, he saw no reason under the sun why he shouldn't stick to his story, because he didn't connect it with the murder. What did he know about the murder, at the time we first saw him? Only the guarded report allowed to the press bulletin, which made no reference to any impossible situation, and said only that Keating had been shot twice by someone who must have been in the room with him. Now, it's certain that within a very short time—twenty-four hours at the most, and probably less—he'd have learned what was what; and then he'd have told the truth fast enough. But in the meantime why should he be suspicious? Because, d'ye see, he had no reason to be suspicious of Gardner. The relations between Keating and Gardner had always been jovial; on that very night of the blank-cartridge-firin' they wound up in a friendly guzzlin' party at which Keating forgave Gardner for the 'accident.' And there you were, for a few watch-ticks. But in the brief time before Bartlett learned how puzzled the police were by a burnt head, his mouth had to be stopped.

"It was a ticklish position for Gardner, right enough; and for Mrs. Derwent too. Gardner must have been fired with inspiration when Jem Derwent played straight into their hands by writin' that letter to the police with the announcement that there would be Ten Teacups at Soar's house on Thursday night. Wow!—what an opportunity to tumble another victim of the teacups across somebody's threshold! And who but the pre-destined Bartlett? Our friend Gardner acted with the same quickness, the same complete triple-brass audacity and skill, as when on the occasion of Keating's murder he'd whipped out to Kensington, got in through the back door of an empty house while the police were standin' in the front room, and got upstairs to the attic to fire his gun. How he persuaded Bartlett into followin' Soar home on Thursday night we're not goin' to know until the trial. I got an idea it was with some idea of makin' Bartlett an amateur detective to track down the guilty, because Bartlett liked Keating and he liked Gardner . . ."

"And so we come to the final vanishing trick?" inquired Soar.

"Ho, ho, ho," said H. M. "You mean how Gardner managed to kill Bartlett and disappear? Yes, if you can call it a vanishin' trick. Gardner was bein' tailed all that day; what's more, he knew he was bein' tailed. He had a fine time; he led his follower a devil of a dance, to get him mad and careless and tired. Finally, after dark, he went to Number 5b, Lancaster Mews, where he'd arranged to see Bartlett for mutual detective-work. Mind he was well in advance of his tailer, and it was dark. In his pocket he'd got what he was preparin' to use if a good opportunity came; the knife. And he did get an opportunity. He nipped up on the wall you saw opposite the side door, just as Bartlett—after tryin' the windows—had found the side door open and was preparin' to explore. You remember, Masters, when *we* went in the side door a bit later, we saw no marks of any wetness or light footmarks except just inside the door? Yes. The reason bein' that he must have just gone over the threshold when he collapsed.

"Bartlett had just got the side door open when Gardner threw the knife. He threw it from up on the wall. It's seldom dark enough but what you can see a man's outline; but the police watchers couldn't see the knife because—d'ye remember?—it was too dark for 'em to make sure whether or not Bartlett had a key. Bartlett went inside, and he closed the door and he fell. Gardner merely nipped down off the wall, *met* the tail as the tail caught up to him, and suggested that they sit down and take it easy. Oh, a cool one, Gardner. An amiable, cool, practical one. He was so dexterous that I hadda force Mrs. Derwent into betrayin' him so there would be enough evidence to yank him to trial."

H. M.'s cigar had gone out. He contemplated it; he looked round the forlorn room with the powder-burn still on the carpet, while the stirring of evening noises crept up the steep hill of Kensington.

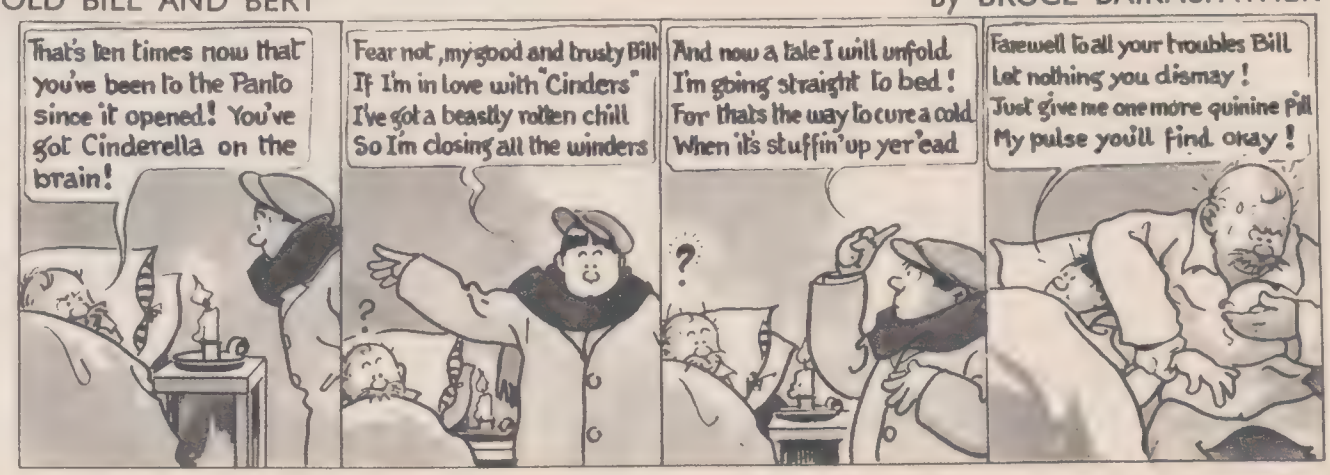
"Which is about all, gents," concluded H. M., in a dull tone. "You've seen the blocks fit into place and the ends of the cussedness converge. You've seen the little part that each person had to play to make up one pattern. There only remain little human problems: what'll happen to Jem Derwent, whose head really ain't as strong as it used to be—and that woman has been holdin' it over him unmercifully? What'll happen to Frances Gale——"

"I hope I can tell you that, in a year or so," said Soar.

"—and what'll happen at the trial? I think it'll be a real up-and-at-'em sizzler of a trial, with enough dramatic effect to stock another record. And what'll be the result of that? My own guess is that Gardner will take all the blame and he'll hang; the woman will probably get off with a lecture from the bench. Again, our Rheingold maiden will float among us and comb her long hair. Is it right, or is it wrong, or what's the answer?"

THE END

OLD BILL AND BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Where do a novelist's plots come from for the

OTHER MAN'S DRAMA

by

GRANT MILTON SASSAMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

He sat down on the stool beside her, watching in affectionate amusement

WITH a sense of mingled guilt and disgust, Reyton Ahern slipped from the banquet hall and glided stealthily, but swiftly, toward the lobby cloakroom. Guest of honour be darned! How he detested these insipid testimonial dinners with their atrocious steaks and spurious *camaraderie*!

The devil take them! He would go home to Martha. As likely as not she would twit him with, "Well, that's what you get, Rey, for writing successful novels." She might even offer a gentle reproof at his running away from his admirers, but she wouldn't scold. Martha never scolded.

Running away? It occurred suddenly to Ahern that his haste might appear ludicrously undignified. He slowed up determinedly. He would make this a leisurely departure—a casual and plausible transition from hotel to home, like one well-rounded chapter flowing into the next.

"Oh, just a minute, Mr. Ahern!"

With a smothered oath he spun around to see a bespectacled young man with a lean and hungry face approaching hurriedly from the other side of the lobby. "What is it?"

"Why, Mr. Ahern," the youth announced, coming to a full stop in front of the novelist, "I'm from the *Morning Chat*. I was sent here to cover the banquet and get some quotes from you afterwards. I saw you snea—that is—uh—departing. So I came out to the lobby."

"Well?"

The news-hawk with a series of spasmodic jerks brought from his pockets a pencil stub and some soiled copy paper. He squinted dubiously at Ahern. "The dinner, Mr. Ahern? Did you enjoy it?"

"I did not!"

With an abrupt motion Ahern whipped out a hand and snatched the copy from the startled youth's hands. "What is this—scrawling?" he snorted, glaring at the undecipherable handwriting.

The other stepped close and pointed with his pencil stub. "Those are some of the questions I was going to ask: Do you love children? Do you believe in love at first sight? What is the title of your next novel?"

Ahern grimaced. "Go back to your office and write what you darn' well please. You'll do it anyhow." He swung across the lobby floor.

"But, Mr. Ahern!" The reporter ran after him, grabbed him by the arm. "Just answer one question," he pleaded.

Ahern stopped at the revolving door. "And what might that be?"

"Why, Mr. Ahern, this is for my own information. Where do writers get their plots?"

The novelist whipped off his hat. His brown eyes flamed and the blue veins stood out upon his forehead. "Where do we get our plots?" he choked. "Where do we get our plots? Of all the asinine questions!" His face close to the reporter's, he hissed, "I'll tell you where I get mine. I find them growing under stones and fallen trees, mister. Yellow-green things with sprouts. I find them floating around in my breakfast coffee every morning. Sometimes I buy them in tins at the delicatessen. I—I——" he wheeled from the ogling youth and barged blindly through the revolving doors.

At his home half an hour later Ahern was telling his wife about the attempted interview. Martha, her sleek black hair shining in the light of the hearth, listened gravely. A ghost of a smile hovered on her warm, soft lips. But the smile seemed to have nothing to do with Ahern, who was pacing the floor with hands clasped behind him.

"Where *does* a writer get his plots?" he growled. He stopped pacing the floor and looked at his wife in the manner of a tutor catechising a student. "He gets them from life, from dreams, from nature, from every conceivable source. They come up to him and slap him in the face. They knock at the door of his mind. They're all around him—everywhere—all the time—clamouring for recognition."

Suddenly Ahern flashed an incredible smile at the woman seated in front of the fireplace. "You're lovely to-night, Martha." His voice had changed miraculously to a soft caress.

Martha did not answer. She no longer smiled. She seemed grave to the point of melancholy. Though her dark eyes were upon him, Ahern fancied their glance travelled past him to a remote, invisible, yet definite target.

"I wonder what she's thinking about—or whom?" Ahern asked himself. Long after his wife had retired for the night he sat in the living-room thinking about her. In his detached way he had always loved Martha, loved her in a take-it-for-granted way. In the latter years his work, like a slowly driven wedge, had thrust them farther and farther apart.

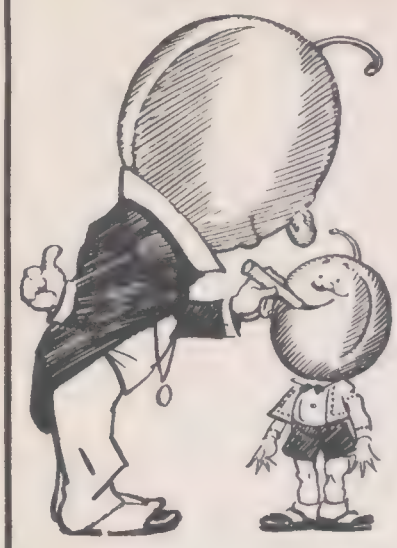
A tiny hand jerked at Ahern's heart. Beautiful Martha. Tender, sweet, uncomplaining Martha. Was it possible that she was slipping away from him—*had* slipped away? This writing business! It was devitalising, consuming, jealously monopolising. It encompassed one in a dark, protecting shell, designed to insulate a man from the sounds, scents and contacts of normal existence.

A writer who lets his work absorb him completely becomes a hopelessly inadequate husband, Ahern reflected moodily. Who was it said: "To a writer, love is just a distracting interlude between one paragraph and the next?"

Well, that wasn't quite true; but it *did* seem as if his own adult life had been measured not in years, but in novel cycles. He married Martha shortly after his first novel had appeared. Their only child was born between the second and third and it died the day he finished his fourth.

Love? Passion? Personality? Idly he wondered if it were possible for a writer to endow his characters with so much of

(*please turn to page* 26)

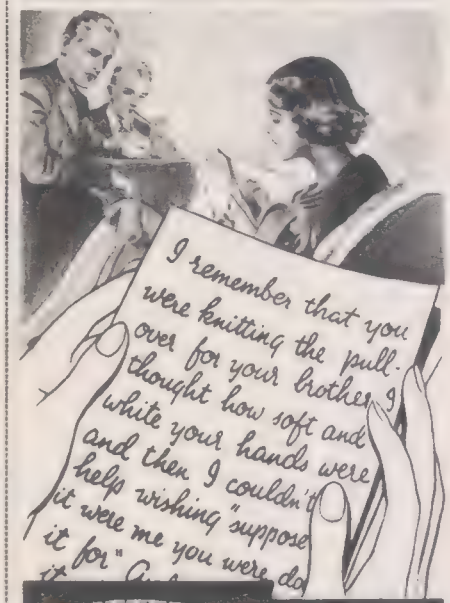


SAYS DR. PLUM, THAT MAN ASTUTE— IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's Fruit Gums & Pastilles

2D. TUBES

Gar. 34 PS

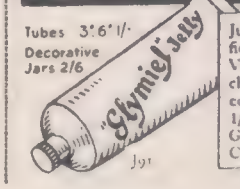


A LETTER INSPIRED BY LOVELY HANDS

See that your hands have the power to attract by their whiteness, their satin smoothness. Glymiel Jelly, non-sticky, non-greasy, lovely to use, smooths out every little chap and crack and whitens the skin. Made by a secret process impossible to copy, Glymiel Jelly sinks in immediately, feeding the underlying tissues, quickly transforming hands to loveliness. Try a tube of Glymiel Jelly, the original, unsurpassed hand preparation, to-day. You will realise why it has nearly a century of recommendation behind it.

GLYMIEL JELLY

Tubes 3d. 6d. 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6



Jar

Just as Glymiel Jelly beautifies your hands, GLYMIEL VANISHING CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6. Also have you tried GLYMIEL Cleansing COLD CREAM? Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6

THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys Play Riley **AT HOME**

Billiards and they won't want to go out at night. 8/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley 'Home' Billiard Table—a real billiard table, not a toy—carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd.
Glen Works, Accrington
or Dept. 13, 147 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1

Write to-day for Art List

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour.

The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

NAIL BITING

STOP IT!

Your Nails are the index to your Character

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK! Amazing Discovery, Which Transforms Bitten, Disfigured Nails into Glorious Filberts in 7 Days! Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can quickly, secretly, and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *"Your treatment has completely cured me after being addicted for 20 years."* Write for the free explanatory booklet NOW enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.S.),
31 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

TO ELDERLY MEN

AS a man gets near the sixties the prostate gland may begin to enlarge, and this enlargement offers some obstruction to the passage of urine. This is passed with some little difficulty, and, what is even more important, the bladder is never completely emptied. The water left behind does not remain clean and pure; it becomes alkaline and offensive, and often sets up a chronic catarrh of the bladder.

One tablet of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) taken three times a day for ten days, then two a day and finally one a day, will cleanse and disinfect the urine from within.

"I have been taking them (Cystopurin) for three years on my medical man's advice. My trouble is prostate gland. I have derived great benefit from them and take them every day." — MR. H. SAYER, 68, LINDLEY STREET, ACOMB ROAD, YORK.

Sold by all chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Free Booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. P.S.25.

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN
(sis-toe-pew-rin)

his own vitality that it drained him of all vigour.

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed Ahern, under his breath. "Tommyrot!" But, nevertheless, he would ease up a bit in the future. He had finished his twelfth book after five months of drudgery. He would idle around for a while before starting a new one.

There was a lot of reading to be done. Of the news especially. And some of the modern writers were producing brilliant books. It wouldn't be a bad idea to see what they were doing. Yes, and he would spend more time with Martha—woo her all over again!

Martha, to his surprise, had not gone to bed. He made that discovery when he stopped at her open door on the way to his own room. She was sitting in front of the mirror, her black hair flowing in waves down over her shoulders. She had donned pyjamas of pale blue silk. Together with the fragile pink négligée and glistening white skin, they made a lovely pattern under the loosened hair.

Ahern went into the room and sat down on the stool beside her, watching in affectionate amusement while she applied cold cream to her face. The wide sleeves of the négligée fell away every time she raised her hands. Beautiful hands! Slender arms! No one would judge Martha to be thirty-two. She didn't look a day over twenty-five.

"Black hair," Ahern mused, aloud. "Dark eyes. A form that would make a chorus girl cry with envy, and the most adorable lips I ever kissed."

Martha slowly wiped the excess cream from her face and turned toward her husband. Had he detected a hint of ardour in her eyes at that moment, or an invitation in the set of her lips, he would have flung himself at her feet. But her mouth was grave and her eyes heavy with a mysterious sadness.

"Reyton," she said, putting her hand upon his shoulder, "would it affect your work very much if we lived down town at least part of the year? There's a lovely little two-story house on Payne Avenue. It sits back from the pavement and has a lawn in front and a flower garden in the rear. I don't think the purchase price would be high. We could use it for a sort of town house."

"Sure, I'll buy it," responded Ahern, promptly and ungrammatically. "I'll look at it to-morrow. Remember to give me the address."

Martha leaned over and kissed him. For a fleeting instant her lips were cool and sweet against his own. Then she was erect on the stool again and Ahern had the disappointing sensation of having been dismissed.

He rose reluctantly and started for the communicating door, hoping she would call him back. She did not call nor turn around. Over her shoulder she said, almost absently, "Good-night, Reyton. Close the door, please."

Ahern in the darkness of his room leaned against the closed door and covered his face with his hands. For the first time in his life he knew bewilderment, defeat, desolation.

The house stood back from the street, diffidently aloof from the clattering traffic. The estate agent, Meberly, fitted a key in the lock and stood aside for Ahern to enter.

On the hallway floor just inside the door lay a pair of large rubbers. From a tall vase—it looked like a Matto Grosso burial jar—projected the curved handle of an umbrella. A large grey raincoat hung limply from a hook of the hall rack.

Ahern turned to the estate agent in surprise. "Haven't these people moved?"

"A man lived here alone with a few servants," said Meberly, rubbing a heavy cheek with soiled fingers. "He moved all right. Died! Sudden, I understand—of pneumonia. His cousin who lives abroad said dispose of everything and send him the money."

In the downstairs rooms a thin coating of dust had collected on the furniture, window sills and radiators, but in all other respects everything appeared as if the owner had stepped out only a moment ago.

Ahern wagged his head thoughtfully. Death was so frightfully abrupt, so final, so irrevocable. No smoothly flowing transitions. It permitted no revisions, no polishing of phrases, no rewriting of clumsy sentences and paragraphs.

He followed Meberly to the second floor, marvelling as he stepped into the front room which had been fitted up as a library and study. Rows of bookcases filled with choice sets and single volumes lined one side of the spacious room. A massive divan faced a large fireplace on the opposite side.

On trays and tables lay curios of every description. Souvenirs of much wandering, undoubtedly, and from every corner of the globe. Ahern noticed a fragment of green jade on a tray with spearheads of bone, flint arrow tips, a bracelet of tigers' claws and a number of other articles he could not name.

"The man who dwelt here must have lived fully and excitingly," thought Ahern. "He must have seen the sun go down in the Yellow Sea, the blood-red moon sail up over Table Mountain. He must have paddled canoes in quiet lagoons and felt the upward thrust of a ship's deck off the iron-ribbed coasts of Patagona."

He sighed. Bereft of the vibrant personality that once had inhabited it, the room still seemed to exude a faint and indefinable vigour that, to Ahern, was disturbingly sad.

It seemed struggling to make itself articulate. To tell Ahern, as if he were the logical one to hear it, the breathless saga of the man who died here. He thought disgustedly, "Sell everything and send me the money."

His eyes lifted to the walls. There were no paintings, only enlarged photographs. This man, mused Ahern, though an artist at heart, had not dawdled with paint and canvas. He had swept from one lonely outpost to another, capturing its fierce beauty with the speed of light.

Above the bookcases sailed a full-rigged ship with all sails spread, while a group of mountain sheep looked wonderingly down at Ahern from the wall above a ponderous floor lamp. To the right gleamed the ebony bodies of African bushmen caught by the lens in the middle of a fantastic dance.

Ahern paid little attention to the guest room and less to two others—one empty and the other apparently a storeroom. But the large bedroom in the rear fascinated him with its neat orderliness and its air of masculinity.

A faint regret throbbed inside him. He wished he could have known the man who had slept in this room. The big mahogany bed in the corner stood in bleak emptiness under a water colour of the Coliseum. The chairs were sturdy as if chosen to stand considerable weight, yet Ahern could not think of the dead man as having been corpulent. He might have been tall, big-boned and robust. But not fat.

Ahern pictured him as the type men would admire and women love. He wondered if Martha, thrillingly vital—who once had been recklessly impetuous—would have loved a man like this.

"The guy who lived here must'a' got around a good deal," commented Meberly, from the threshold.

"Yes," answered Ahern. "I wish I'd travelled one-fifth as much as he seems to have done."

"What is your line, mister?"

"I'm a writer."

Apply Now!

READERS who have not yet applied for the "War Memoirs" of David Lloyd George should do so *without delay*, because applications must be received not later than February 1. The Final Reservation Forms for this million-word, richly documented narrative of the Great War appeared in last week's issue of THE PASSING SHOW.

These "War Memoirs" of Britain's war Prime Minister are such an important contribution to history and reveal so many secrets of the protagonists in the clash of nations, that every reader should seize the opportunity of acquiring the new two-volume edition on the special low privilege terms offered to THE PASSING SHOW'S readers.

Supplies are definitely limited. Only by immediate application can you be in time to secure your copy. Find your Reservation Forms at once, and post them off now!

Meberly asked another question then, but Ahern, busy with his thoughts, did not catch it. He was at the large clothes closet now, staring at the array of suits hanging there. Without realising what he was doing, Ahern tested between finger and thumb the fabric of a grey suit. It was good, dependable material—costly, but not obtrusive.

The suits looked wistful, as if patiently waiting for big bronzed hands to take them out and lay them upon the bed. Clothes left by the dead, thought Ahern, should never be worn again.

He noticed a white edge of paper protruding from the inside pocket of the grey coat. Absently he pulled it out. It was a folded letter. Without waiting to analyse his motive, he opened it and examined the contents.

His glance, cursory at first, turned to a glazed stare of astonishment. The words danced before his eyes although he held the sheet of paper in steady hands. It was not until the tiny characters rearranged themselves in orderly patterns against the white background, that Ahern admitted their significance. Not until then did he accept the penned words as the neatly-formed, crisp and compact handwriting of his own wife!

"Dear John," he read. *"My husband has finished his novel. Until he starts the next he will live and function like a human being. During that brief interim I want to enjoy his companionship.*

"Please don't think I'm selfish. When R—— goes back into his shell we'll get together again. I want to hear more about Tibet and about the time you were shipwrecked on the Ivory Coast.

"Try not to be lonely, and watch that cold, John. Your cough worries me. Don't let it develop into pneumonia.—M."

The colour drained slowly from Ahern's face and his parched throat burned agonisingly. He felt a numbing pain race along his jaw and discovered that he was biting hard upon his teeth.

So that was why Martha wanted to live here! Having lost her—her John—she would find a morsel of consolation and happiness in living under the roof that once sheltered him. She had come down and taken away the evidence of their trysts—a picture of herself, perhaps, handkerchiefs, letters, a glove or vanity case. But this note tucked in a pocket of the grey suit had been overlooked.

Suddenly it dawned upon Ahern that his emotions were neither anger nor bitterness. He tried to marshal hate, condemnation, scorn, but his mind refused to accept them. His shocked faculties were already busy with these truths: John had been a wonderful fellow; Martha was a wonderful woman. It had been necessary to find someone for her lonely interludes and she had chosen the best.

The very best! She had selected a companion whose invisible legacy of courage and nobility was as palpable as a—yes, a prop—a prop that was now holding him, Ahern, erect upon nerveless legs. He knew, as definitely as if he had witnessed their every moment together, that Martha and John had acted honourably.

A warm sustaining pride enveloped Ahern. Martha had not deceived him, nor stooped to the subterfuge of feigning a love his own thoughtlessness had destroyed. She had loved him once. He would make her love him again! He would resurrect that love. He would dedicate the future to Martha. The best part of him would be hers from now on. The novels—darn them!—would be written in odd moments when he wasn't worshipping Martha.

Martha! *Martha!* A frantic desire came over Ahern to rush home to her. To take her in his arms and kiss her eyes, her lips, her hair. As he used to do—good grief!—*years* ago.

He still held the sheet of scented stationery in his hand. Mutely it seemed to plead for forgiveness, for understanding. Ahern smiled gently and tucked the letter into his pocket.

He did not hear, as he closed the closet door, Meberly's twice-repeated question. Perhaps it was just as well that Ahern hadn't heard and the estate agent did not bother to ask again, once Ahern started talking business.

But for those who wish to know, Meberly's question was the oft-repeated one:

"Where do you writers get your plots?"

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING

If you save 10/- per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2/6 per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save. Savings are likely to vanish but earning capacity is a permanent investment.

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS . . .

and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU ?

Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking, Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy, and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
B.Sc. (Estate Management)
Builders' Quantities
Building, Architecture, and Clerk of Works
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship, All branches
Engineering. All branches, subjects and examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Insurance
Journalism
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All subjects
Mining, Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Novel Writing
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Radio Communication
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Story Writing
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights and Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars Free.

STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

JOURNALISM

Short Story and Novel Writing

There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in story writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examinations, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels or pictures is not a gift; it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is a most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required, we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it. Department of Literature 3.

Dept. 3, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

EVERY DEPT. A COMPLETE COLLEGE
EVERY STUDENT A CLASS TO HIMSELF

IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS NOW IT MAY MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FUTURE

COUPON—CUT THIS OUT

To DEPT. 3, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD.
Please send me (free of charge) (Cross out line which does not apply)
Particulars of .....
Your private advice about .....
.....
PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS
Name.....
Address.....

SALE OF GENUINE SWISS-MADE CHROMIUM-CASED OFFICERS' WRISTLET STOP-WATCHES

ORIGINALLY SOLD BY US FOR 15/- EACH
FULLY GUARANTEED

NOW ONLY 5/9
POST & BOX 6d.

- Jewelled Lever Movement
- Unbreakable Glass
- Chromium Case
- Shockproof

NEW MODEL
For Sport, Science or Industry

FOR DOCTORS OR HOSPITAL USE ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS

Without doubt the finest watch value obtainable to-day

Actual Size

ACCURATE READINGS TO ONE-FIFTH SECOND

Apart from being able to register time to fractions of seconds, these watches are equally suitable for general use. Plain dial for 5/9 each. Post and box 6d. Luminous dials only 6d. extra. Officers' Adjustable Leather Straps only 1/- extra. Officers' Adjustable Chrome Chains 2/- extra. **Without doubt the finest watch value obtainable to-day. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Instantly Returned.**

Write to-day, call personally or 'Phone Holborn 0276. ORDER NOW BEFORE PRICES INCREASE

MARINE AND OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD. (Dept. 88),
16, SILVER STREET, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1. (*Minute Holborn Tube*)

The Warming Beer

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale
ON DRAUGHT OR IN BOTTLE
BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Ask for it at your Licensed House, Off-Licence, Wine and Spirit Merchant or Licensed Grocer.

Stephens

Master The Piano

I'll Teach You to Play Brilliantly

I do not say I may—I say positively I WILL—if I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence. If a Beginner you quickly learn from **Ordinary Music** to play easily, **Dances, Songs, Hymns, and Gems from the great masters.** If already a player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be **positively and literally transformed!** BY POST, crystal-clear Musicianly Training a child could follow. A teacher by your side **always**—not for **merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods), enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I have taught over 48,000 adult pupils during 33 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU.**

I would emphasise that I personally teach every pupil I enrol—This is the secret of my success—No student is relegated to a deputy teacher. My class seldom falls below 2,000 pupils. Teaching these is my sole occupation, my Life's work, I have no time for any other. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged.

PROOF

"I only wish I had taken your Course 35 to 40 years ago, as I know that I have received great benefit from same." —J. L. L. X 48915. Age 60.

"I take this opportunity of expressing my delight with your lessons. Never before have I been so interested in anything outside my work, and this is due, I am sure, to the methods which are employed in your course." J. H. H. A 48218. Age 21.

"I have never enjoyed anything as much as learning the piano from your very excellent and easy lessons." N.J.D. B 48131. Age 22.

Send for free booklet, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard" and form for free advice. Say Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

MR. H. BECKER,
(Dept. 66B), 69 FLEET STREET, LONDON.

WORN OUT

Impoverished blood means premature fatigue

When your blood is weak and impoverished you feel tired, listless, 'nervy'; you are liable to any and every common ill. Sanatogen literally puts fresh, vigorous blood into your system, gives you new stamina, new health, new life. Start your daily Sanatogen to-day — you'll be amazed how quickly you regain your health and spirits.

25,000 DOCTORS HAVE WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF SANATOGEN. Sanatogen is a food, not a stimulant—its effects are as permanent as the blood in your body.

renew your vital forces with daily Sanatogen

Ideal for Invalids and Convalescents.
The "Lancet" writes: "*There is abundant evidence of the value of Sanatogen as a restorative, more particularly in cases of general debility.*"

Sanatogen Makes Rich Strong Blood.
The "Medical Echo" describing an exhaustive test writes: "*As an average in all men and women tested an increase of 60% red blood cells was obtained after three weeks use of Sanatogen.*"

58% more energy after 14 days.
Extensive tests carried out by doctors on a group of workers showed that normally only 8% of their energy remained at the end of each day's work. After only a fortnight's course of Sanatogen a hard day's work left them with 66% of their energy unused.

Live up to life-with daily

SANATOGEN

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

Obtainable at all chemists, from 2/3 a tin. The larger sizes (3/3, 5/9, 10/9 and 19/9) are cheaper in the long run.

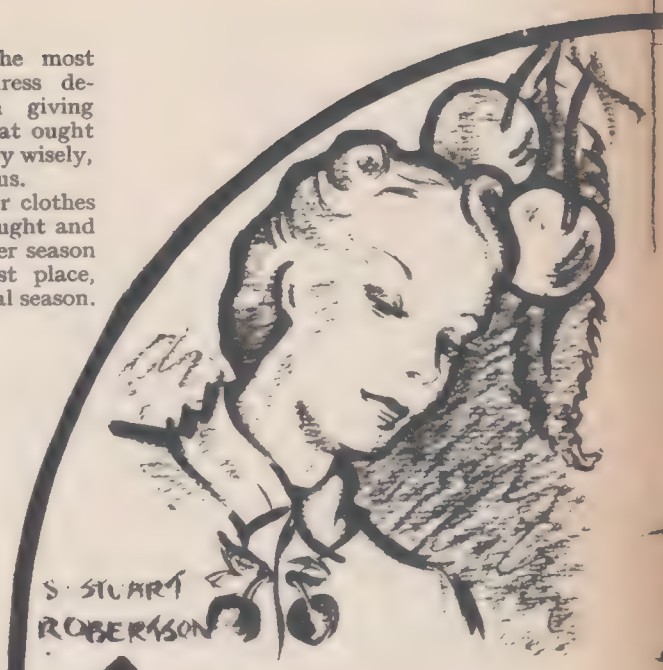
SILVER FOX K.I. Expert buying has been devoted to the selection of some of the finest Silver Foxes in the world. Colouring, depth of fur, and strength are combined in our Silver Foxes. Ever-fashionable and necessary to the smart woman, we guarantee every skin perfect. **10 gns.**

10 months to pay if you buy your NEW FUR NOW!

The **SUGDEN PLAN** of **D-I-V-I-D-E-D PAYMENTS** allows you to buy your New Fur or Fur Coat now (and beat rising prices) without breaking into your cash reserves. **YOU PAY A SMALL PAYMENT EACH MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS** whilst you are wearing the furs. It is important to remember that **SUGDEN'S PRICES ARE CASH PRICES** and **NOTHING IS ADDED FOR CREDIT.** A simple and easy way to buy. **GOOD FURS—DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.**

C. A. Sugden Ltd.
Fur Specialists for over 50 years
184/186 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.
Model Showrooms 1st Floor
(Over Kodak)
Tel. REGent 2236
OPEN UNTIL 7 P.M.

FREE CATALOGUE! Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp to:- C. A. SUGDEN, LTD., 184/186, Regent St., London, W.1.
Name.....
Address.....
P.S.5



Suiting Every Occasion

ADRIAN, perhaps the most famous of film dress designers, has been giving me some advice that ought to help us all to buy wisely, now that the sales are upon us.

He says that buying winter clothes should entail much more thought and care than buying for any other season of the year, for in the first place, winter is, more or less, a formal season.

Clothes bought now are primarily for indoor wear, with the possible exception of smart, warm coats.

Foremost among the important items of wearing apparel is a smartly-tailored suit. And when Adrian says a "tailored suit" he means a smart, plain skirt and well-tailored coat. He thinks that this is essential to the wardrobe of every smart woman, regardless of how great or small her clothes budget may be, for tailored suits are always becoming, and they serve for numerous occasions, simply by a quick change of accessories.

Worn with or without overcoats they are ideal for any type of weather. In buying a suit, the one thing to guard against is any extremity. The shoulders should not be too wide; the lapels should not be too pointed. In fact there is no such thing as being "too conservative" when choosing such a suit.

Included in your winter wardrobe there should always be a smart, fur-trimmed coat, and great care should be taken in the choice of fur. The girl who has to travel to and from her office, giving her coat really hard wear, should buy a coat trimmed with flat fur. For this type keeps its sheen and newness much longer.

The luxury of a coat trimmed with one of the long-haired furs, such as fox or lynx, is for the girl who gives her winter coat little wear and tear.

★ Adrian is a great believer in black clothes for every occasion, and he suggests that for the woman who may find little occasion to wear formal gowns, there is nothing so useful as a plain black afternoon dress, relieved only by heavy, gold costume jewellery. By changing accessories you can change the whole aspect of such a dress.

For evening dresses he suggests black again with the alternative of white, and thinks that the woman with a limited budget should have two gowns for evening, one strictly formal, the other with a matching jacket, or coat.

To put everything in a nutshell, every woman in shopping for winter clothes should keep in mind the fact that winter is the time when fabric counts. It is much more economical to purchase good things, and fewer of them, than the less expensive garment that will speedily be out of fashion.

More important than anything else is the strict observance of simplicity. This is absolutely essential for winter, because since winter clothes are more expensive there are apt to be less of them in the wardrobe. One does not tire of the simple dress nearly as quickly, and it offers many chances for change by the addition of a clip, a collar, or a cluster of flowers.

It's better to have six items that can be worn for any number of occasions, than twenty that hang, sadly neglected, in your wardrobe, just because they were bought in a rush for a single event.

I pass on Adrian's advice to you because he knows what he's talking about.

★ One day this week a friend showed me some of the most intriguing table mats I have ever seen. They were old maps of the counties of England covered with glass, and after I had duly admired them and remarked what a fine topic for conversation they would make if you were seated between two strong, silent he-men at a dinner party, she told me that she had made them herself. And this is how.

MODELS BY MATITA

Virginia Hall's Page

MODEL BY DE WAR, PARIS

"Buy some thick cardboard," she said, "the kind with one side covered with some sort of slightly ornamental paper. Cut this to the size of the maps, or sporting prints, or engravings of old London, or what you will and have *thick* glass cut to the same size. Then bind round the edges, as you would a picture, with some passe-partout binding in gilt, black or whatever colour you like.

"In fact these table mats really are just pictures with the exception that the glass used is very much thicker than that used in ordinary picture framing."

"If your pictures differ in size, the best thing to do is to make all the mats the same size, putting a paper surround on the picture," she added. "These mats can also be made octagonal shape or round, although I imagine the latter would be awfully difficult to bind."

★ Have just had a letter from a reader, telling me that my recipe for jam and cream sponge was such a success in her home that she had to promise to make one every week. In turn she has sent me two Australian recipes that she has found excellent.

One is baked lemon pudding and you make it like this : Cream one tablespoonful of butter or margarine with one cupful of sugar ; add two yokes of eggs, one tablespoonful of plain flour and one of self-raising flour; mix well and add the rind and juice of a lemon and one cupful of milk. Whip the two whites of eggs stiffly and fold in lightly. Pour into a greased pie dish and stand in a dish of water in the oven to cook. The secret is to follow *exactly* this order of making.

The other recipe is for chocolate tart. Line a flan tin or sandwich tin with short crust pastry and use for filling the following chocolate mixture.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter or margarine in a pan; stir in one tablespoonful of flour until smooth; add one cupful milk and stir until it thickens; add two ozs. of chocolate or cocoa, one oz. of sugar and two yokes of eggs. Cool and pour into the pastry. Beat up the whites, stiffly, with a little sugar, place in small heaps on chocolate mixture and brown lightly in a cool oven.

It doesn't matter whether you cook the pastry by itself or with the mixture in it, but I think the latter is really the better way.

★ I have been staying with a girl friend, helping her to settle in a new flat and you know how unfriendly and cold a half-furnished place can be. Our first night there we slept in beds surrounded by packing cases with trunks and boxes balanced precariously around us.

I had difficulty in keeping warm and the next day Mary had a cold and an awful barking cough. Our second night in the new flat was at least warmer and more comfortable, but I hardly slept because Mary coughed and coughed, during the night.

First thing next morning I went out to buy Mary some pastilles I had tried myself with good results when I had a beastly "churchyarder" that simply would not go. Well, those pastilles did the trick last night and we both had a good night.

I thought that at this time of the year it might interest readers to know of some really good throat and cough pastilles that will definitely stop the awful tickle and roughness which set you coughing immediately you either settle down to sleep, or sit down in a theatre, or cinema, or even a railway carriage, so I have persuaded the manufacturers to let me offer you samples of these pastilles.

These samples are offered absolutely free. All you have to do is to send me a postcard, giving me your name and address and I shall have a box sent to you. Please mark your postcard "Pastilles."

★ Lucky find while walking along one of those depressing streets in North London that make you wonder why people choose to live there, for all the houses seem so grey and grubby.

Suddenly, I came on one that stood out like a smiling face in a crowd of scowls. It was really quite ordinary in as much as it was painted, like many other London houses, a cream colour with green paintwork round the windows.

The reason it looked so different and had so much character about it was that someone with ideas had put green window boxes outside the windows. They weren't filled, as you might expect, with wilting, wintry greenery, but with rows of brightly coloured, cheerful-looking wooden flowers.

They were cut from wood rather like a frieze, the lower part all spiky leaves in different shades of green, growing up round some very simply shaped daisy-like flowers, in plain, very bright colours.

Just think how easy it would be to have such designs cut out in thin wood with a fret saw. You could do it yourself and then, with the expenditure of only a few pence on little tins of enamel, paint the flowers and foliage to suit your fancy.

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

ZE-R-R-R-O HOUR GOSSIP, HINTS, TIPS *and* USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

WELCOME COLD MORNINGS WITH A SMILE : COSMOPOLITAN WINING AND DINING : WASHING ARTIFICIAL SILK : A FRIEND IN NEED

by MOLLY MONTAGUE

BRRR! Doesn't it seem cold when the alarm clock tells you that it's time to get up? But here's a recipe which will help a lot. First of all, just lie where you are (that's not difficult, is it?) and take some deep breaths. Do this about 20 times and then have a good s-t-r-e-t-c-h. Stretch your arms, your legs, your neck, your fingers and toes. You'll be surprised how doing these help your circulation; and waken you enough to get out of bed. Of course, if you're very tough and heroic, you can just kick all the bedclothes off and make one flying leap from bed to start exercises to get warm. I'm afraid, however, that January and February aren't favourite months with me, except that I'm child enough still to love Pantomimes and Circuses. When I went to the Lyceum, I simply roared at a burlesque of an old-time Principal Boy, and got thrill after thrill as successive curtains rose on the Transformation Scene, and I didn't need the excuse of taking a nephew or niece.

"Danube Nights"

Londoners sighing for the gastronomic delights of other lands are well catered for at present, with a choice between Chinese Food at the softly lit 400, recalling Danube and Salzburg nights at the Austria, the exotic dishes at Hungaria, and Tyrolean delights at the New Queens Bier Keller. These, of course, are in addition to the many Restaurants with French and Italian menus.

"Cruft's"

What's in a name? "Cruft's"—the show is again at the Agricultural Hall next month—conjures up not only dogs of high degree but, don't you think, sporting fabrics carelessly yet rightly worn by men and women with true sporting instincts? An interesting place as well as a famous exhibition.

Washing Artificial Silk

So many women find that artificial silk dresses are spoiled by washing, but most types of this fabric will repay a little care. The fibres of artificial silk become much more tender and fragile when wet. In most cases, the best way is to knead and squeeze the article in warm (not hot) soapy water, and avoid rubbing as far as possible. Rinse them in water of the same temperature and, after squeezing out the moisture, pull the garment gently into shape. As to ironing, use a warm (again not hot) iron whilst the garment is still slightly damp, but it is not wise to damp down artificial silks, since this frequently causes spots to show. If the garment shows a tendency to shrink, press it out well, with the iron.

"The Dampness Gets Into My Bones"

How often do you hear people complaining of their Rheumatism or Arthritis at this season of the year. A friend of mine, using the expression quoted above reminded me of a rather wonderful thing I heard about not long ago. A woman of forty-nine had been suffering from rheumatism for twenty years, and had had long and expensive treatments, besides trying various other remedies, with only temporary relief. She cannot really afford to keep on paying big bills for treatment, yet her joints keep swelling up in a most painful and unpleasant manner. I'm not surprised that she was in a somewhat despondent mood when I saw her, but fortunately I was able to give her some advice, which she took, with wonderful results. I happened to know of a very simple remedy which I had proved by past experience to be most efficacious and advised her to write for a free sample and a booklet describing the treatment. The little gelatine capsules in the sample were sufficient to convince my friend that the treatment *was* a good one, and before long she was more free of rheumatism than she had ever been before.

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

How You Can Be A Good Friend

These little capsules are called "Curicones," and have won ever-increasing fame for over 20 years. Harley Street physicians and many other medical men have pronounced them to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic and Arthritic disorders.

If you yourself suffer in this way, or have a friend who does so, I suggest that you should immediately complete and post the shopping coupon below. Fill it in clearly with your own, or your friend's name and address, and I will arrange that you or your friend will receive, free and post free a generous trial supply of "Curicones," together with a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles. If you post the coupon in an unsealed envelope you only need affix a halfpenny stamp to it—but what relief it may bring to your friend or yourself! Goodbye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
P.S.7 Dept.,
19 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample you offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

These

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS

Give Prompt Relief

They will save your doctors' bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

HEART TROUBLE

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition and picks you up after the "FLU." Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for **"Blue Lion Fox Nuts."** Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. P.S.320), price **2d.**, *Post Free.*

HEADACHE

RHEUMATISM—SCIATICA—INFLUENZA

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new painkiller **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: **6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Cache (No. 622A).** Prices: **3/-** (6) and **5/9** (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on Neuritis (No. P.S.236), price **2d.** *Post Free.*

ALOPECIA

(Hair Falling Out in Patches)

Here is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for **Alopecia Prescription No. 850.** In jars at **1/9** and **4/-.** The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is **Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930),** costs **1/-** per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of **Vi-Salts** (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal. Price **6d. Prescription No. 1,250.** It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult Health News (No. P.S.239) for the treatment of Hair Trouble, price **2d.**, *Post Free.*

Natural Treatment for

KIDNEY TROUBLE

No harmful drugs. Just soothing, healing, cleansing balsams and oils with other remedial ingredients, which the best doctors recommend and compounded by a leading pharmaceutical chemist. Sufferers from Cystitis, Disturbed Nights, Prostatitis, Sciatica, Stricture, Gravel, Gall Stones or any Liver, Kidney or Bladder trouble should go at once to their nearest chemist and ask for **"Shadforters"** (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters—Prescription 285) Prices: **1/4** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100). Pain subsides. The mind is relieved. Start now, and find new joy in life.

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (P.S.326) on Bladder and Kidney Troubles. Price **2d.**, *Post Free.*

NO PAIN AFTER EATING

Acidity, Gastritis and Indigestion Disappear Like Magic

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1,077.

Popularly known as "White Lions." Prepared after the formulae now successfully used in the leading Hospitals and Clinics by Specialists in the treatment of stomach pains and ailments. This prescription is non-purgative.

Prices: **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions). **Try them NOW and prove for yourself that "White Lions" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.**

The Shadforth "Indigestion" Booklet (No. P.S.314). Price **2d.**, *Post Free.*

Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., Gamages, or privately packed and post free at these prices from:

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. P.S.Y), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

NEXT WEEK

Photograph by Hal Phyfe.

SUSAN DARE, girl reporter on the prowl in a house darkened by the shadow of tragedy, fingers the frothy folds of a lace-edged wedding dress that has been thrown aside to be sold with the junk from the attic and finds a clue leading to the killer of Mrs. Cary Cavendish, vivacious young society hostess, who lies stabbed in the next room.

And then there is a movement, the faintest rustle of clothes against a wall, the light, quick click of an electric button suddenly producing a beam of light to shift the shadows in that brown-panelled room.

A blurred silhouette moving forward, and Susan realises that she is sharply defined against the stronger light from the room behind. Sharp and clear and a definite target for that moving purposeful black figure sliding almost imperceptibly along near the wall. And no escape except past it!

And so we must leave little Susan suspended on the silvery screen of time, until you read the full story of her adventures in "The Wedding Gown Murder"—a two-part mystery story by M. G. Eberhart starting next week.

Mrs. Eberhart had a strange confession to make when she wrote to tell us about herself. Although she can handle the elements of mystery and horror with such mastery, she just hates going downstairs in the dark. And the sight of blood gives her "a nervous spasm."

"I put it into my books only with the greatest reluctance," she says.

"I took to writing," she continues, "in self-defence because my husband's profession as a civil servant meant a fugitive hearthstone. There was simply nothing for me to do during long months in the wilds, waiting for a bridge to be built, or a river to be turned into a new course."

Now her works are translated into almost every "civilised language" and more than a million copies of her books have been sold.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss

I AM convinced that life could be made much more congenial if we paid some attention to the time-honoured rites of demonology," says Mr. Alfred Robin Fitzmaurice, of Braintree, Essex, in a letter that smells distinctly of sulphur and brimstone. "This county is famous for its belief in the ability of wise women, who are nothing more than witches and would have been in danger of being roasted alive a hundred years ago if they had not been able to produce the goods.

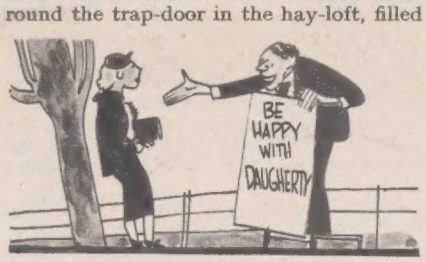
"From what I am told of these sinister creatures, I am sure we are missing quite a lot through neglecting the Black Arts in which they are so well versed. Although I have not yet done anything in the matter, I have no doubts that when the time comes a few incantations and a sprinkling of wolf's-bane in the general direction of some of the lesser demons will go a long way to extricating me from the particular crisis that causes me to take such strong measures.

"Meanwhile, I was wondering whether you had ever come across any witches' oils that might help in my experiments—if ever I make any of them. No doubt you have a very good hell-broth of your own that would save all the trouble!"

Actually the last man to taste our hell-broth, distilled by Uncle Joe, still believes he is the god of the sun. The last time we saw him he was drifting majestically through the city in a pair of orange and yellow pyjamas, red sandals, and a golden bowler hat. He said he was thinking of turning the Emperor of Japan into a Chinaman just to prove that the yellow peril was merely egg yoke.

So, just to prevent further international complications, we daren't let that hell-broth get loose. Somebody might start making passes at Benito.

Also, we aren't really helpful when it comes to calling up demons. There was a time when we drew a twelve-foot circle round the trap-door in the hay-loft, filled



the old iron kettle according to Dr. W. Otto Niff (see volume two, chapter four of "No Match for Lucifer,") stuck the dagger which usually hangs in the hall, into two hairs from a black cat's tail, and lighted the spirit stove under the charmed pot.

And "likewise fire burned and cauldron bubbled." We murmured all the incantations we could remember, including "eeni minnie miney mo" and "heidi heidi ho," and as practically nothing happened we were beginning to get rather fed up with the smell when the trap-door opened.

"Heidi heidi ho," we said again, and up popped Uncle Joe. "This ain't no time to be making cider," he said, "and, anyway, it smells as though you've got too much sugar in it."

From witchcraft to politics and love is not such a big step, we feel, for you'd have to have some of the former to do much with either of the others.

Listen, therefore, to the election candidate proposing, according to Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, of Columbus, Ohio:

"Darling, you have with you as guest and principal speaker this evening, Mr.

Jay Daugherty, candidate for your hand. I have lived in this vicinity all my life, and during that time I have enjoyed the respect, confidence, and admiration of all the feminine citizens. My past record and reputation are open for your inspection as to my ability to serve as your husband.

"I am without doubt the most honest, able, generous, handsome, distinguished, cheerful, attractive, deserving, and trustworthy man in this great city. I presume your indecision is the result of the contemptible, insidious work of my honourable opponent, who is afraid to come out in the open and allow you to choose between us on merit alone.

"You have reached the cross-roads of your life; so vote for Daugherty and follow the smooth highway of content and love, not the rocky road of regret and sorrow. Elect me your husband and live in a paradise on earth. Remember my slogan: 'Be happy with Daugherty.'"

Even a blue-eyed, innocent motor-car salesman would see through that, we feel, despite the fact that it may have been what Gladstone said in 1881; but we can't impress sufficiently on young and old the advice given by Mr. James Broad, of Macclesfield, who sings:—

Say it with flowers;
Say it with sweets;
Say it with kisses;
Say it with eats;
Say it with jewellery;
Say it with drink;
But always be careful
Not to say it with ink!

Despite the fact that this may cause another avalanche from our poetical readers, we feel the precedent is worth while, for even peers and financial wizards have sometimes been caught out—in writing.

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

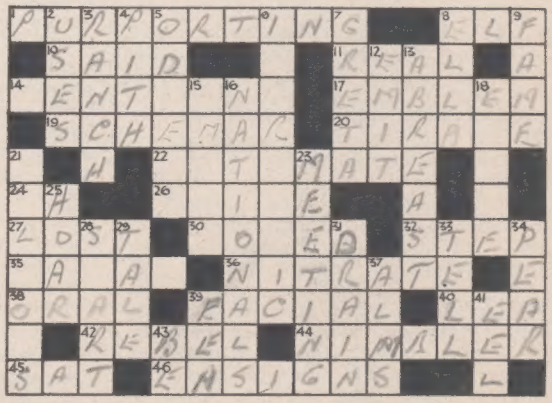
1. Signifying.
8. Diminutive spirit.
10. Made a statement.
11. Actually in existence.
14. Having the faculty of perception.
17. A symbol we may say.
19. Presumably knows a thing or two.
20. Outburst and/or reproof.
22. This is the last.
24. Half an eastern monarch.
26. See in this a river.
27. Misplaced or possibly gone for ever.
30. Pushed in colloquially speaking.
32. One at a time for cautious people.
35. Buddhist priests.
36. A chemical compound.
38. By word of mouth.
39. Relating to part of person's appearance.
40. Drink in a meadow.
42. Revolt.
44. More agile.
45. Half a planet.
46. Distinguishing flags.

CLUES DOWN

2. Puts to purpose.
3. Cattle farm.
4. The marrow of it.
5. Decidedly unpleasant.
6. Inherent or essential.
7. Great is a film star.
8. And here is stellar abbreviation for a girl.
9. Widespread repute.
12. To give out.
13. Side by side.
15. It's a girl.
16. People of a country.
18. Roman magistrate.
21. Structures with grim purposes.
23. Coming together.
25. A frost.
28. Sharp pain.
29. This may be told.
31. Extract moisture.
33. Narrate.
34. Fruit of a tree.
37. Should be given in charity.
39. Low country.
41. Slippery fish.
43. Half a bean.

M	E	T	A	M	O	R	P	H	O	S	E	D	■	U
A	V	O	N	■	L	O	R	E	■	P	R	E	E	N
L	E	N	S	■	F	A	I	N	■	L	■	L	■	D
I	N	S	E	P	A	R	A	B	L	E	■	T	O	■
S	T	I	R	■	C	■	M	A	I	N	T	A	I	N
O	■	L	I	N	T	■	N	O	D	E	S	■	E	■
N	■	N	O	O	N	■	E	N	I	D	■	■	■	■
■	C	L	E	A	R	E	D	■	I	D	I	O	T	■
G	A	Y	■	H	Y	D	R	O	S	■	O	U	R	S
A	I	R	■	■	■	A	P	E	■	U	S	E	■	■
S	N	E	E	R	■	A	G	E	D	■	S	T	E	T

Solution to last week's puzzle



P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 29-1-38

B 226 580

Published by ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Printed in Great Britain by the SUN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd.

A90

Oh, My Poor Legs!

I Simply Must Sit Down

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

"Could Not Walk or Stand . . . Until I Took Elasto!"

'For years it was misery for me to walk; my legs and insteps would swell, and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto, and after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."
Mrs. L——, S——.

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell Food!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness —to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation— *are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation : *the real basis of sound health*. Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I have suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved." Etc., etc.

Take Elasto For—

Painful and Swollen Veins (Varicose Veins), Bad Leg, Eczema, Phlebitis, Heart Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Piles, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), and all Disorders due to Bad Circulation.

For "Passing Show" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of This Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day —NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★
ELASTO (Dept. 152),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Stimulates Cellular Activity & Restores The Natural Power of Healing To The Blood!

WHEN you compare the pleasant simplicity of Elasto with the fuss, bother and expense of ordinary treatments, you will marvel at the amazing effectiveness of this New Biological Remedy. The effect of Elasto on the human system is as certain and as vital as would be the effect of substituting a "live" valve for a spent one in your radio set. Elasto is different from all other preparations; it is not a drug or a medicine, but a vital cell-food possessing the unique power of stimulating the natural curative forces of the body. Elasto is based upon ascertained facts relating to the electro-chemical processes of cell-nutrition that support life, rebuild and repair the living tissue and serve to maintain health and vigour of body and mind. There are no "ifs" or "buts" about Elasto, its methods are the methods of Nature herself and results are therefore natural—**and lasting!**

There are no substitutes for Elasto—Beware of "Pickpocket" imitations.

COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

The Great Blood Revitaliser ★

ELASTO (Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS .....

"Passing Show," 29/1/38 .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

In boxes **15** for **6**^{D} 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-

PLAIN · CORK OR RED TIPS

After the performance, Mercia Swinburne enjoys a quiet game of chess with her husband, George Relph, in their Chelsea flat. We shall be seeing them both in a new play soon.

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

• *For that leisured ¼ hour — De Reszke Majors 20 for 1/-*

De Reszke MINORS

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W. 1

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd